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Things in General.

NO one who has taken any interest whatever in the various doxies, can have failed to have heard of Rev. M. P. Baxter, who for years has been predicting near dates for the ending of the world, but who, unfortunately for those of us who have to labor with the cares and worries of life, has never been able to wind the concern up. The Baxterites the world over on more than one occasion have made ready their white robes for ascension purposes. Through no fault of Mr. Baxter's, the predicted event has on every occasion failed to take place as per programme. Nevertheless, Rev. Mr. Baxter is still in business as a prophet and may or may not be doing a good work in keeping people ready for the millennium. A London, Eng., paper calls attention to the amusing fact that notwithstanding Mr. Baxter's predictions and preparations for the immediate end of the world, he has just obtained a fresh lease for ninety-nine years of his printing and publishing premises in Tudor street in the city of London. No doubt Mr. Baxter, who has prepared for his own end and the end of the world in the meantime, considers this merely a precautionary measure. "On a former occasion," says London "Truth," "he sought to justify the purchase of new printing machinery on the ground that although the millennium was imminent, yet a religious newspaper would still be required." Of course if his paper will be necessary to instruct the people during the millennium, he may as well save moving expenses by having the premises all ready. No doubt the good people of our city and country who are providing themselves with residences which are not only comfortable, but luxurious, hope to occupy them when the millennium arrives. Some of them are certainly not justifying their existence on earth during the present time by their methods of business, but it would be harsh to forbid them the easy explanation that they wish to make no rist of May moving disturbance when the world puts on its new robes.

PERSISTENT rumors of the dissolution of the eighth Parliament of Canada after its fifth session, indicate that we are on the verge of a general election. Except amongst politicians, I find very little interest manifested as to whether the rumors are true, or whether the Administration will hold office without appeal to the people until the end of the five years, which would be in June, 1901. The lack of interest in the question indicates that amongst the people there are few if any who feel fiercely revengeful or have a knife ready for the Government. It may be that throughout the country there is a quiet feeling of resentment, strong in a few sections, where patronage has been refused or local applicants for office have been thrown down. Such irritations will often be discovered even in a well-conducted business, or in prosperous companies. Nothing yet has been discovered which is apt to arouse any general and effectual effort to change the verdict of the people announced in June, 1896. Oratory has ceased to be much of a power, and at political picnics the harangues of necessitous leaders are at a discount.

The people are a little too busy to get excited over theories, and considerably too prosperous to be cross. The trade of the country has enormously increased; the profits of the individual have advanced very rapidly. When looking at the whole business from a thoroughly disinterested standpoint, I estimate that if an election takes place in October or November the result will show a slightly decreased majority for the Government—majorities of Governments always decrease—and that there will be changes due to local causes, but Sir Wilfrid Laurier will still be Premier with a handsome majority.

TALKING about the end of the world and the small faith that is being shown by the people who profess a belief that everything "here below" is worthless and that life is merely a preparatory state for something else, we are confronted by the difficulties which present themselves to all the churches while trying to obtain proper candidates for the ministry. Of course it is not difficult to obtain missionaries to go to China or elsewhere who cannot make a living in Canada or elsewhere. Nor is it difficult to find men who are willing to enter the pulpit who have no choice between that and the plough or some other occupation which does not require alertness and ability. The man who covers his deficiencies by claiming the divinity of his message and his selection by Divine call, has faith that he need not be smart. Even the English Church, established by law and sustained by taxation, and with a great many prizes in its gift, has an increasing difficulty in finding recruits. The best of the Oxford and Cambridge men consistently refuse to take orders, and in some of the colleges, so it is said by an English contemporary, it is not easy to find a tutor who is able and willing to read prayers in the college chapel. Every year it is becoming more extraordinary to find a man who appears in the honor lists, going into the Church. This is unfortunate, because though the English Church has always suffered by having the younger sons of younger sons, and men who are fit for nothing else, in the position of curates and as candidates for livings, it now appears that the clergy of the future are likely to be men who got a degree in a manner which no man can explain.

While this is true of the English Church in the United Kingdom, the Scottish Church is said to be in an equally bad quandary, and the United Presbyterians at a meeting some months ago adopted a very serious tone of voice in discussing the disappearance of the men who are capable of taking a degree with honors, from the list of probationers. The Presbyterian Church has taken the matter so much to heart that it has even proposed to abolish the entrance examination altogether. In Scotland, of all places in the moral vineyard, it is saddening to think that the attraction of pulpit life is losing its hold. It was once the pride of the gentleman as well as the mechanic and farmer to have a son in the Church. Now it seems that only the mediocrities, the nobodies of the universities, are likely to prepare themselves as exponents of the Christian religion. Some men, driven by either their impulses or their necessities, will always become distinguished, but it is saddening to think of what the average will be like.

Here in Canada, where we are always inclined to go abroad for preachers to fill our most prominent pulpits, we should seriously consider the drying up of the supply from which we have been accustomed to draw. It is quite possible that Canada is attracting to its theological seminaries as good, if not a better class of men than is being drawn to similar institutions in the Old Country. Yet what is the situation here? The fact that we have been in the habit of inviting university graduates from the United Kingdom to fill the pulpits which are best endowed in a financial way, indicates that we have no very great confidence in the men whom we are uprearing to theological pursuits. Before now I have had occasion to call attention to the fact that some of the leading lights of the pulpit have abandoned their profession for more lucrative pursuits, yet we never see leading business men, lawyers or doctors, leaving their counting-houses, law offices or medical practices to enter the pulpit. On the other hand, we see our brightest young men going into teaching, law, medicine, engineering, and similar secular pursuits, and only the more

poorly equipped taking orders or becoming preachers. It is quite true that in the time of Christ, when the gift of the Holy Spirit was vouchsafed to preachers, the humblest became the greatest. Now we cannot find traces of the same inspiration, the same zeal, or similar self-sacrifice, and preaching is being made a profession similar to those of law and medicine. It is unfortunate, if it is to become simply a profession, that our dullest rather than our brightest minds should be engaged in it. Why is this the case? Does it mean that salaries are too poor to attract good men; and if so, what is the condition of the laity which refuses to pay sufficient to have properly equipped men to preach to them? The problem is not one for a newspaper to solve but it is certainly one for the religious public to consider, and one over which those who believe in the sacrifice and devotion of the clergy to the cause they have espoused, should ponder.

THE conviction of two Canadian dragoons with the contingent in South Africa, of the crime of seizing the arms and ammunition of surrendered Boers and selling them to belligerents, is an unpleasant episode which naturally enough leaves a very bad taste on the palates of Canadians who were so proud of their soldiers. Of course it must be remembered that there was no moral examination which had to be passed, or which could have been passed by the men who volunteered to go to the front. That some black sheep crept in is not a matter of astonishment. I have pointed out more than once that several men were accepted

logic which our contemporary presents, neither was President Garfield, nor President Lincoln. In South America, where republics are universal, presidents are assassinated almost as regularly as elections take place. Indeed, the assassinations are much more regular than the elections, for one can tell when the assassination takes place, but frequently one is unaware when voting day was. There is no logic about assassination; it is the impulse of a disordered mind, or the outcome of a frightfully bad education. The killing of Goebel in Kentucky was not the outgrowth of a hatred of kings, but the result of a Kentucky code which has transferred to the gun the settlement of questions which courts should decide. Lawsuits are a bad thing, but gun rule is worse. Despotism is a bad thing, but assassination is worse. If we settled all our troubles with a shot-gun, a revolver, a rifle, or a knife, no logic would prevent the innocent from suffering more frequently than the guilty. The innocent would be the victims of those who are ready to use any sort of an implement in order that their opinions may prevail or that they themselves may come into power.

The article upon which this protest is predicated says: "There are people who predict that there will be kings in Europe inside a hundred years." Perhaps these people are right, but it must be remembered that there are other people who predict that within ten years there will be kings where there are presidents now. No one who studies the history of the modern republics can escape the conclusion that there never will be a time when kings of some sort

things by their results, and as results come rolling in from the Exhibition at Paris, Canada has every reason to be satisfied.

THE commonplaces with which we chronicle the death of prominent citizens are so type-worn that I shall attempt no eulogy of the late J. J. Withrow, the father of the Industrial Fair, and its president until the last year. Mr. Withrow was one of the men who did much for Toronto, and for whom Toronto did little, refusing to elect him as Mayor, and not being any too considerate of his usefulness while he served in a non-elective capacity. Like many others, Mr. Withrow was a man whose merits were not quite understood by the populace in general. Mr. Withrow may have had faults of temper which obscured his virtues, but of one thing we may be certain: if this city had more men of his type the rule of the demagogue and the place-hunter would be at an end. The blunt and rugged man has a mission, but of his finish we may all be sure: he will die much appreciated, but unadorned by the garlands of public approval.

THE time and labor consumed by people in trying to shift responsibilities, if occupied by a conscientious attention to the thing itself would make life a much easier problem. If one engages a lawyer, the lawyer is very liable to engage a counsel so as to remove the responsibility from his shoulders to those of another man. If you go to a doctor and he cannot find out what is the matter with you, he will probably send you to a surgeon or to an oculist, or an anesthetist, or a dentist, all of whom will take a large fee and leave you just where you were. If one seeks himself in spiritual discomfort and goes to a clergyman and asks, "What shall I do to be saved?" the parson will probably send the man to a doctor to look after his digestion, and then the doctor will send him to the oculist with the suggestion that he is threatened with strabismus, or has ear-holes behind his eyes. Then the man will be sent to the maker of spectacles, who will charge him considerably over five prices for something to wear on his eyes, when the real foundation of the trouble may lie in the man's stomach or in what the man considers the immortal part of himself. A merchant in trouble asks a friend what he ought to do in certain circumstances. The friend recommends an accountant. The accountant finds it necessary to have another accountant, and by the time they get through the man is in bankruptcy. The schoolteacher who finds it somewhat difficult to handle a pupil, shifts the responsibility by writing to the parent. The parent writes to the superintendent of the Sunday school. The superintendent of the Sunday school writes to the pastor of the church. The pastor of the church writes a letter to the newspapers, pointing out that religion should be taught in the Public schools. Almost everywhere we find that the responsibility which people should assume themselves is being shifted from shoulder to shoulder until endless trouble is caused but no result arrived at.

The newspapers are just as great offenders in this matter as anybody else. They have a spasm of municipal reform in the middle of the year, when no reform is possible, and they are the passive pack-horses of their advertisers and political friends at the end of the year, when these matters should be attended to. Nearly every newspaper in the city is eager for reform when nothing can possibly be done, when no alderman can be dismissed, no mayor elected, no organization effected. Probably the newspapers are the chief sinners of them all, for they are continually preaching, and never staying with the job long enough to effect any good results. It is an easy thing to be a critic. Smith need lose no sleep when he is blaming Jones for things being wrong, and Jones does not suffer very much while he is unloading the responsibility on Thompson, and Thompson cheerfully moves it along to Johnston, who does not find it uncomfortable, because he immediately dumps it back on Jones.

It seems to me that there should be something done, not by public meeting or convention, or anything of that sort, but in the individual mind, to locate the responsibility of the wrong things which are every day being done. We ought to know why the doctor who cannot find what is wrong with his patient should charge that patient a dollar and send him to some specialist who will charge him five, and will send him to some other specialist who will charge him seven and leave him at the end of the game as badly off as he was when he began. We ought to know why a lawyer will charge us five dollars and go to a counsel who will charge us a hundred dollars, and then suggest that we settle and abandon all our claims to what we thought were our rights. We ought to know why the preacher to whom we go and ask "what shall I do to be saved?" does not attend to his business, but wants to know the state of our health and the condition of our finances, and counsels us to go to some lung resort or sanitarium. We ought to fix the responsibility for teaching children good manners, decent penmanship, and the art of getting along in life. Should this be left to the parents, or should the parents dump it on the teachers?

It might be well for us also to arrange what status the newspapers have in the community. Are they to tell people what is right, or are they simply to be an echo of their advertisers and the demagogues who push politics along for their own profit? If we could only fix the responsibility we would be in easy circumstances. This can never be done by any aggregation of people, but it is a task which should be engaged in by everyone who desires to see things done right.

My own view is that every man and woman has a distinct contract with the community to do the best that he or she can possibly accomplish. In that "best" which can be done is the primary agreement to make as many people happy as possible and as few sorry. Everyone must protect everyone else from the consequences of bad judgment, or bad temper, or a bad tendency. Those who do this are doing a great deal. It is not necessary to be known as a good fellow or a nice woman to understand that there is something to be arrived at superior to self-indulgence and popularity. Any attempt on the part of the individual to bring about a certain state of affairs which is desirable, is a hundredfold more valuable than the writing to a newspaper, or an organization, or the inception of an organization, to carry through something which at the moment appears imperative. It seems like dealing with a very trite subject to insist that in every case the individual mind must work out its own part of the public salvation. We fall down in front of the forms and formalism of religion because we are satisfied with those and forget the individual effort which each person should make, and is instructed to make. In municipal politics, in the government of a country, in the conduct of a board of trade or anything else, we make the same error, and fail because we believe in organization rather than individual effort. If there were any means possible to get people to understand that they must do the very best they can, it would be discovered that the people think very much alike, that they desire the same things, and if individually they are interested they will do the same things.

There was a time when organization was everything. It seems to me that there is a time coming when individual-



AUGUST AT THE SEASIDE.

who acted as traitors to their families in order to become heroes in the field. We are beginning to hear of this class of men, and the news is particularly painful to those who had hoped that the whole South African incident would close without anything reflecting disgrace on any Canadian. This was hoping for too much. The rank treason, however, of these men who have been sentenced to ten years of servitude, is a disgrace to Canada.

One cannot imagine how these young men acquired such habits of thought and such frighteningly distorted consciences. The crime of which they were guilty is not common to our people, nor an illustration of even the worst phase of ordinary Canadian character. The men may have been misled, and their inferiority of rank and the small influence that they had, almost absolutely prove that they were tools rather than conspirators. However, it is the business of no Canadian newspaper to offer an apology for anything so vile, and it seems to me a pity, unless there were circumstances which mitigate very greatly their offence, that the whole bunch of guilty men were not shot on the spot. Canada asks no favors from British army officers, nor any exemptions from martial law. The men who were anxious to fight went to the war, and the country that sent them expects them to be treated with no leniency on account of their education or the particular part of the British Empire from which they came. The occurrence is to be regretted, and I am of the opinion that if they were as guilty as they appear to have been, the next greatest regret felt in this country will be found to be that their blood did not expiate their offence and wipe the stain from the history of the survivors of the Canadian Contingent in the campaign.

After now I have had occasion to call attention to the fact that some of the leading lights of the pulpit have abandoned their profession for more lucrative pursuits, yet we never see leading business men, lawyers or doctors, leaving their counting-houses, law offices or medical practices to enter the pulpit. On the other hand, we see our brightest young men going into teaching, law, medicine, engineering, and similar secular pursuits, and only the more

will not rule everywhere. The money king rules in the United States, the revolutionary king rules in Central and South America, and the inflammatory king rules in France. The hereditary king is obviously superior to any of these, and he will probably be on top when chaos arrives.

Of the frightful heat which has afflicted Toronto during the past week, nothing need be said, because the thing itself has been universally felt. The temperature lingered for days at 98 in the shade, which is an improper position for the temperature of a frozen country to be discovered in. For sixty years we have had nothing hotter, and it is to be hoped that the dear reader will not meet with anything hotter within the next sixty.

THERE has been much criticism of Canada's exhibit in Paris. The buildings have been said to be insufficient, the expenses enormous, and the political favoritism shown in appointing people to places, indefensible. However this may be—and we must take off the ordinary discount on account of political animosities—the results appear to have been good. In the countries from which we desire to attract emigrants, the making of cheese and butter, the interesting pursuit of collecting eggs, and the marketing of these products, are considered to be among the main objects of life. That Canada has been able to take the grand prize for these products in cold storage, amply pays for the expenditure made for our exhibit. That our apples and other fruits have obtained prizes and attracted such world-wide attention, is another source of gratification, because it means business for our fruit-raisers and will bring conviction to the minds of hitherto ignorant people that Canada is not a frost-bound country.

Hon. Mr. Tarte has been severely criticized for doing in Rome as the Romans do, and for talking in France as the French talk. I think it will be evident before the World's Fair in Paris closes, that his talk has been for Canada's good, and certainly he has not either the intention or the influence to damage the British Empire while ingratiating himself and advertising our country among the people from whom his forefathers came. We must judge

ism must be relied upon to produce results. Organizations have been handled by corrupt and self-interested people to the point where those who are best intentioned resent the direction of a few self-elected leaders who are continually telling them what to do and selling the services of all the people they can direct to the nearest political or municipal boss.

THE birth and progress of snide mining schemes was much commented upon when nearly everybody had a mining project, which he assured the confiding public to be the finest thing on earth. A vast amount of money was invested in these schemes, largely in smallish amounts, but in many instances representing the entire savings of the investors. When complaint was made that no developments were in sight and no dividends were being paid, no reports even furnished to investors, Patience was counselled by those having the matter in hand, and the "suckers" were sneeringly told by the sharps to wait and give them a chance. There has been a great deal of waiting done, and the chance to make anything by the holders does not loom up worth a cent.

The worst feature in the whole matter appears to be that many of the companies nominally officered by leading business men and having directors who ought to have known better than to permit such a course to be followed, have had no regular meetings, no trustworthy books, and some of them no bank accounts, all the money coming in remaining in the hands of the mining brokers who carried the transaction through. There ought to be some system of inspecting companies of this sort. Some come here with charters obtained in British Columbia, Washington Territory, and even New Jersey, and the Ontario Government should practically, as well as theoretically, watch these people as well as those holding Ontario charters. Even the latter, I am told, are not much better than the rest, but even if the money could not be restored to those from whom it has been taken, further inroads into the money saved by the people of Toronto and Ontario could be prevented, and some of those who have been benefited by these wildcat enterprises either made to disgorge or be punished. Some of the schemes, no doubt, were honestly inaugurated; some of the companies were hoodwinked by prospectors and promoters, and did everything in their power to make their schemes go. In nearly every case these men were the victims, not the beneficiaries, of a mistaken investment. Those, however, who do not come under this class and who have simply used the public as lambs whom they consider to be proper food for wolves, should be made to get a very "swift move" on themselves. The trouble appears to be that those who have lost their money in practically fraudulent transactions are unaware of any resources which they possess for righting the wrong done them, or to punish those who have injured them.

A LETTER from Rev. E. S. Rowe, recently a Methodist pastor in this city, and now in charge of a church in Victoria, B.C., urges me not to forget the "yellow question" as it affects the prosperity in which he is now a citizen. He says: "It is the most important question, in my opinion, that this country has to settle. I am not yet fully seized of all the facts, but I have learned two things: That the people here are very much in earnest about the matter, and feel very keenly the apparent indifference or opposition of the people in the East. They very bitterly resent the charge of selfishness and lack of Christian sentiment in their attitude toward these foreigners. As far as I can judge, I feel that the future of this province is involved in the settlement of the question. If there is to be a representative white population here, having a thrifty middle or lower class, then it is certain that the Japs and Chins must be excluded, or 'Anglicized,' and the latter will be possible only in the event of limited importations. Up to the present, it appears as if the digestive organs of the national body are not capable of converting the yellow men into citizens, and hence the attempt results in weakening rather than in the strengthening of the body politic, and does not improve the quality or the usefulness of those upon whom the attempt has been made. I need not complete the simple reason known what happens to food that does not become blood. Well, the result of the social effort upon the Orientals is an enormous increase of very repulsive social excreta. Our streets, of course, will lay the blame on our weak digestive organs—very well, grant that we are detectives—if we are to be cured we must be treated to a "dose" of abstinence, or at least a rigorous diet. One thing is certain, the Chinaman will not assimilate, and the only alternatives are as to the future role of the population in this province. It must be either white or yellow; it cannot be both, and it will not be a "cross." However, I give no opinion of "saying" more than this, that in the interest of the Dominion it is important that the people in the East should be enlightened in re this question, and that holding the views expressed in the paragraph I refer to you are in a position to contribute to this very desirable result. I venture to hope, therefore, that you will do so, for I am quite certain that the future permanent prosperity of British Columbia is bound up in the matter."

Unfortunately for Canada, the interests of the various peoples who make up our provinces do not yet appear to be at all identical. The differences of race and religion are great, but the differences which arise out of the vast distances between the various communities and the geographical and commercial divergencies are greater still. When a good thing is measured for British Columbia, the other provinces and territories at once put on their thinking cap as to whether that will be a good thing for them. There is no doubt in the world that the "yellow question" is the problem of our Pacific Coast provinces. When, however, a proposition is made such as I outlined last week, that preferential British trade must come to Canadian ports, British Columbia may not see it in the same light, yet their opposition would be slender. I imagine, as compared with the opposition which might develop in all the Western provinces.

In the East, we are apt to feel no particular concern as to what colored people populate British Columbia, so long as there will ultimately be found there a population taking its goods from Eastern manufacturers and distributors. British Columbia, on the other hand, is but slightly concerned as to whether we have a Canadian winter port or send our goods to and receive them from Boston, Portland, and New York. Bearing these facts in mind, it behoves the whole of Canada to settle on some policy which in all its bearings is acceptable to all the people. That policy, it seems to me, is that of strictly minding our own business and evading such outside complications as may force us into being local and temporizing in our attitude not only with foreign countries, but as regards the relations of one province or community with another.

Since Great Britain has declared herself to be opposed to the dismemberment of China, and stands with the United States in this matter, it certainly seems as possible for Great Britain to declare a policy for the exclusion from its colonies, where such colonies demand exclusion, of the Chinese, as for the United States to persist in the same line of action. If Great Britain will only cease trying to force missionaries upon China, she will be able to abandon the policy of admitting Chinamen into her own realms. The trade policies of both countries can remain as they are, open and free—tariffs alone restricting—as to the whole world, without forcing any section of our people upon the Chinese or permitting the Chinese to intrude themselves into the country that we are trying to preserve for ourselves.

In the matter of demanding that preferential trade between ourselves and Great Britain shall only exist on the basis of the favored goods of Great Britain directly entering the ports of Canada, the same important policy to which I have referred holds good. Canada is giving preferential trade to Great Britain not only for the good of that country, but for the good of the Dominion. The good of the



THE LATE J. J. WITHROW.

Dominion demands that that trade shall create a fast Atlantic service, and build up seaports on Canadian soil which will direct communication with the commercial heart of this country, without passing through any other country. We have long had a poesy of Canada for the Canadians and found it too small, but we can continue it on the basis of Canada for the Canadians with a preference to Great Britain when Canadian interests are served.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE, NOT FAITH CURE," is the title of a somewhat lengthy communication I have received, protesting against a phrase used in the paper last week, "An alleged faith cure." The writer does not ask for its publication, and I admit that the cures which he says have been performed in Toronto are marvelous. I have heard of equally wonderful results which disengaged people have found at the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre, where hundreds of crutches are piled in a pyramid to show how many have gone away relieved of their ailments. I do not deny the truth of either report, but it is impossible for me to be a sponsor for the credibility of either. Doubtless there are many laws of nature which we do not understand, many unexplained forces which occasionally surround us, and therefore argument fails and Faith takes its place. As faith in these things seems to be more or less of an accident, or at least the result of education, it would be useless for "Saturday Night" to either attempt to controvert statements which are without the slightest doubt made by those believing them to be true, or to urge that such faith should take the place of prevalent systems. Demonstrations of the ability of the Christian Scientists to do what they claim will increase this faith. Proofs that the pilgrimages to the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre are effectual in the cure of disease will extend the faith in that remarkable church and its presiding saint. Failure on the part of either or both organizations to make these demonstrations will cause a falling off of even the faith which exists, and I presume there is nothing for us to do but await the progress of events, hoping that faith will be triumphant.

It is pleasant to hear from the "Cape Colony Register" that the Canadians in South Africa have apparently taken things as they found them and refused to join in any outcry when things were not quite up to their liking. The "Register" takes strong grounds against the management of the hospital and ambulance corps, but it says: "We are able to give the opinion of a Canadian officer who has been in no less than ten different hospitals—suffering at one time from wounds, at another from fever—on the management of these institutions. The officer referred to makes no complaint; he considers he has been particularly fortunate in his medical attendants and attendance all through. 'But,' says the Canadian, 'if there is anything that could be improved it is not the medical work. They are without exception a most efficient, hard-working and conscientious body of practitioners who, by the way, are not means overpaid for the terribly hard work that falls to their lot. The orderlies are the stumbling block. They are not expected to be so tender and devoted, and certainly not so skillful, in their nursing as, say, the regular certificated hospital nurse. They are Tommies, with many of the faults and failings of their class.' It never occurred to our informant to expect great things from them, and he has certainly not been disappointed."



THE marriage of Miss Yda Louise Milligan, third daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Milligan, of Bromley House, Duncourt road, and Mr. Lester Weaver, of Hespeler, took place in St. Anne's church, Dufferin street, on Wednesday afternoon, at half-past four o'clock, the rector, Rev. J. McLean Ballard, being the officiating clergyman. Miss Milligan was led in and given away by her father, and a smart and select company of invited guests, with the usual church full of interested onlookers, as was to be expected when the bride is so well known and esteemed, were present to witness the happy event. Miss Milligan looked very handsome in her rich bridal robe of lustrous satin, with chiffon, point lace collar, and sashes and dainty trimmings. Her veil was worn off the face, and she carried a lovely bouquet of roses, sweet peas, and ferns. The groom brought a handsome younger brother as his best man, and also a very graceful and pretty dark-eyed sister was one of the four bridesmaids. Miss Helen Milligan was maid of honor, and her white frock was touched with canary color, while the four bridesmaids, the Misses Kathleen and Beatrice Milligan, Miss Totie Nicoll, and Miss Myrtle Weaver, were also in white, with beautifully embroidered guimpes and sleeves, and very smart shell pink ribbons. All five wore little veils, with dashing butterfly bows of the ribbon to match their gowns. The coolest, daintiest and most fetching little page and flower girl followed the bride, little Miss Tiny and Master Jack Hilton, her niece and nephew. The wee girl wore a granny hat of white, and a simple and pretty white dress, and the small boy was much admired in a snowy suit, with white Tam-o'-Shanter. The guests were ushered by Mr. Jack Eddis, Mr. Dockray, Dr. Thistle, and Mr. Brown, and included a smart group of the groom's relatives. Mr. and Mrs. Forbes, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hilton, Mr. and Mrs. Holland, Mrs. S. S. McDonell, Mrs. Lynd, who is just home from the Continent, Mrs. Huayk Garrett, Mrs. Allan Aylsworth, Mrs. J. S. Thompson, and Miss Allie Thompson, Miss Maud Givins, Miss Headley, Dr. Lohmann, Mr. George Grote, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wright, Miss Burnham, of Port Hope, Mr. and Mrs. E. Douglas Armour, Mrs. Chris Baines, Captain Whittle, Mrs. Harley Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. Willie Chadwick, Mr. W. Goulding, Mr. and Mrs. Brodie, Major and Mrs. Greville Harston, and several others. The awful heat decided many of the guests to reserve their depleted forces for an appearance at the reception later in the day, when the bride and groom received the warmest good wishes, in literal truth, with which ever a married pair started in the new life. It was a pretty scene on the green hillside within the charming grounds of Bromley House, when the

guests arrived, and having entered the cool drawing-room and shaken hands with the happy pair, they quickly found their way to the north lawn, where a bounteous and beautifully decorated table awaited them. The flag of old England draped the boundaries of the green stretch of turf, and the snowy table, crowned with odorous white carnations and glittering with silver and crystal, looked quite a picture. Down in the grassy ravine, the Army and Navy Veterans' band played very finely for the daughter of their president and the man of her choice, and the guests much enjoyed their fine selections. The grand array of gifts were displayed down stairs, and included some very fine silver, a complete tea service from Miss Alice Milligan, of Long Island, the bride's eldest sister, and an exquisitely jewelled watch from the bridegroom. Miss Milligan wore a New York gown of black crepe de chine, perfectly made, and a black chiffon hat. The bride's mother looked very handsome in a black gown relieved with white, and a pretty bonnet. Mrs. Frank Hilton wore a white and black striped gown, with delicately fine black lace guimpes and sleeves. Mrs. Lynd wore black, relieved with white. The Hespeler party were all smartly dressed, one dainty lavender and white gown, and hat to match, being notably becoming to its handsome wearer. Mrs. Alfred Wright and Miss Burnham were very pretty in their airy summer gowns and chapeaux, and Miss Givins looked refined and handsome in pale grey, with tiny ruches of chiffon and black hat trimmed with violets. Miss Headley also looked well, and wore a most becoming picture hat in black and white. One of the prettiest dresses, and worn, as usual, perfectly, was Mrs. Harley Roberts' white and black gown. Mrs. Holland wore a pretty dove grey, and black and white chapeau. Mr. and Mrs. Weaver left for their honeymoon by the Eastern train, and will reside in the town of Hespeler.

The Rev. Sutherland Macklem and Mrs. Macklem, who have been with Mrs. Becher at Sylvan Tower, are now settled in their new home in Rosedale, the house formerly occupied by Mr. James Henderson in Glen road.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Macklem and their children have returned to town from a short stay on the Island. Mrs. Charles Fleming, of Streatham House, and her sons, are now staying at Georgian Bay.

The storks left a little daughter at Cloynewood a few days ago, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hodges are receiving congratulations on her arrival. Mr. Sherwood Hodges, of the Royal Navy, is home on short leave, and was in town this week, visiting his father at Cloynewood.

Mr. and Mrs. Brock and their family, who returned from the Old Country to their home in Queen's Park recently, have welcomed their son, Major Brock, and Mrs. Brock, home, and have the pleasure of a visit from them just now.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Burritt spent the holiday at Niagara. Their pretty new house is almost finished, and will be ready for their occupancy in a week or so.

Mr. and Mrs. Osler, of Craigleugh, and their family, will be home very shortly after a sojourn in Europe. Mr. Gordon Osler has been one of a jolly party of bachelors at the Island this summer, and has been one of the brightest and most enthusiastic of the "duck brigade," as they call those young men who dance and loaf at the Yacht Club in snowy white trousers every Monday evening. Last Monday, though the mercury was in the nineties, the duck brigade danced as if the atmosphere was ideally cool.

The engagement is announced of Miss Lucie Bridgman, daughter of Mrs. Edward Bridgman, of Brierie Tal, India, and formerly of Toronto, to Mr. Herbert Huntley Shaw, D.C., of the Indian Civil Service, Budaon. The marriage will take place in December next.

Miss Hill, of Toronto, and her party of young ladies, who are now travelling in Europe, were very fortunate the other day in having a private view of Her Majesty the Queen, at whose request they only were present in the quadrangle of Windsor Castle when she was about to take her morning drive in the park. They had a special message from the Queen to tell them just where she wished them to stand, and as she drove off, in passing them, she bowed and smiled most graciously to each in turn. Besides Miss Hill, the party consists of Miss Florence Ray, of Ottawa, the Misses Gertrude and Althea Carey, of Hamilton, Miss Daisy Wright, of Port Huron, Mich., and Miss Mina Porteous, and Miss Elizabeth Jaffray, of Toronto.

Mr. L. P. Brodeur, Deputy Speaker, was in town last week, and was entertained by Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Magann. Mr. and Mrs. Roy, of Montreal, spent the Civic Holiday in Toronto, and dined at the Hunt Club with Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Magann.

Mrs. Grant Ridout is at Port Hope. Mrs. George Macdonald and her mother, Mrs. Crozier, are at Long Branch. Mr. Melbourne Oliver is spending some time with his aunt, Mrs. Carveth, at her cottage at Bowmanville.

A very pleasant canoeing picnic was enjoyed by a pretty party of young people at the Humber on Saturday, chaperoned by Mrs. Irving Cameron.

Mrs. and Miss Eva Glass have come down from London, and are at 28 Wilcox street. Many friends will be glad to know that Mr. Glass, who was in China, has written to say that having received warning to leave, as the Boxers were making demonstrations, he did so, and took steamer from Shanghai on June 13th for Hong Kong. Mr. and Mrs. Chester Glass are home again in London, after spending the winter abroad.

Miss Maybe, the guest of Mrs. Massey at Center Island, wins much admiration for her sweet unaffectedness and brightness. There are a very large number of pretty girls at Center Island this year.

The escape of Miss Dolly Kemp, Mr. Charlie Sweetman, and Mr. Ardagh from drowning, sent a thrill of thankfulness through hundreds of hearts. While sailing in a canoe they were upset, and the bright little belle of many a merry party, with her two smart young cavaliers, was in the lake for half an hour before the Ward lifeboat took them out. Everyone is joyous over their escape.

Finland's Despairing Cry.

The icy eastern blasts, which threaten to carry before their career every trace of the ancient freedom with which this poor country of Finland has hitherto been blest, have now penetrated into the office of this journal. With this number the "Nya Press" ceases to appear, strangled by the frigid grip of the Russian censor. The fate which has befallen us at the hands of our taskmasters awaits every champion of free speech in Finland.—"Nya Press," Finland.

"Death, my friend?" quoth the departing poet, "have you really got a sting?" And Death smiled and said, "As soon as your breath is well out of your body, my lad, a person who shall be nameless will edit your poems for you, and bring out an edition with your name and his name on the title-page, and with an 'appreciation' of you by him in front of your finest ode." And the departing poet became very pale indeed.

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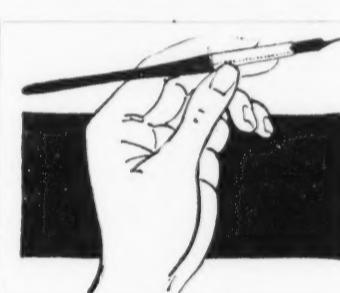
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Social and Personal.

Mr. James Carruthers spent a few days this week in Saratoga. Mr. and Mrs. George Carruthers are going down there to stop over this week's end. Mr. and Mrs. George are now at the Queen's Hotel until they depart for their new home in Winnipeg, having given up their house in Gloucester street, Toronto. Smart circles will miss this popular young couple, who have been the brightest guests in many a gay rout and jolly outing since their happy marriage last summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Colin Sewell have become during the last few days the proud parents of a tiny little daughter, who, it is hoped, will be spared to them. Mrs. Sewell had a nasty fall a short time ago, and some anxiety attended the advent of the little stranger, who, however, seems to have made up her small mind that she will stay. The best wishes for a consummation so happy to the present anxious time are sent to the young parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Robotham's smart little boy, Guy, is doing finely, and his parents think he's the greatest thing in the world.

A very sad death was that of sweet young Mrs. Watts, of Clinton street, which occurred in Grace Hospital on Saturday. Mrs. Watts was a relative of Mr. and Mrs. McLeod, of 510 Jarvis street, and left one little daughter seven years old. To the bereaved husband and relatives much sympathy is expressed.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Lee, Miss Mabel Lee and Mr. John Michale are at the West Coast. They left Toronto last Thursday week. It is certain that the change will be of benefit to all. Mrs. Lee and Miss Lee have had a long time of anxiety and nursing of the dear daughter and sister who passed away last month, and their party, one in affectionate sorrow for her, will all be the better for the trip.

Mrs. Harrison and Miss Justina Harrison left on Thursday for a visit of some weeks. Mrs. Harrison is going to Collingwood and Miss Harrison to Barrie just now.

Mrs. Forester is enjoying the month of August in St. Andrew's, N.B., where her father, the late Senator Temple, always had a lovely place. It is likely that her long and trying time of anxiety for her husband, Major Forester, welfare in South Africa, is drawing to a close, and that this young couple will soon be reunited in Merrile England—when the soldiers come so far on their way home.

Captain Archie McDonell has enjoyed the hospitality of the Boers for a season, and somehow has been released from captivity and has rejoined his men. What stories Big Mac will be able to tell us when we see his welcome face again.

Major J. Charles Macdougall has a busy time with his subordinate railway staff officers and many matters generally in connection with transportation in South Africa between the army in the field and Cape Town. He is well and busy, having quite recovered from the touch of sun which laid him up, and is doing fine work in his department, as might be expected from him.

Mr. T. O. Jones arrived from Australia this week, and is now with his daughter, Mrs. G. Gordon Mills, Glendune, Grimsby Park. Mr. Jones came via San Francisco, and visited relatives in Grass Valley, Portland Oregon, and Kansas, en route. He returns to England in November.

Mrs. J. Brown, with her daughters, the Misses Edna and Dora, is summering at Jackson's Point. Mrs. Brown will receive at her new home, 260 Carlton street, every first and third Thursday, beginning from September.

Mrs. Davidson and Miss Moysey of Woodstock are spending their holidays with Miss Plaskett and Miss Besse Plaskett at Bohemia Island, Lake Rosseau.

Mrs. R. C. Clute and Miss Clute are spending the summer at Brackley Beach, Prince Edward Island.

Rev. Septimus and Mrs. Jones and the Misses Jones are summering at Clifton Springs.

Miss Mabel Burnett, who has been home visiting her parents, has gone to take charge of Walnut Hospital, Lockport, N.Y.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Baird, accompanied by the latter's sister, Mrs. A. W. Law, left last week for Muskoka, where they will spend the remainder of the month.

Master Lionel F. Godson, of College street, is spending a six weeks' vacation at Jackson's Point.

An Ottawa friend writes: "The many friends of Angus Morrison, youngest son of the late Judge Morrison, of Woodlawn, will be sorry to hear that he is dangerously ill in St. Luke's Hospital, with little hope of recovery. His youngest daughter has also been laid up for some months from hip disease."

Miss Daisy Kirby, of South Parkdale, is spending the month of August at Stony Lake.

Dr. and Mrs. A. Orr Hastings leave this week for a trip up the Saguenay.

Miss Paton, of Euclid avenue, with her cousin, Miss Thayer of Deer Park, left by steamer for the Thousand Islands and Montreal to visit friends.

The death of Colonel Robert Brittain

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Denison, formerly of Bellevue, Denison square, but who has been residing recently at Lambton Mills and Grimsby, took place on Saturday, August 4, at the residence of his step-brother, Mr. Charles Denison, Dufferin street. Colonel and Mrs. Denison came in to stop for a time with Mr. Denison some few months ago, and for the past few weeks the aged gentleman has been quite invalid. He was of advanced years, having nearly reached his eightieth birthday, and having resided in Toronto all his life has seen the evolution of this busy city almost from its beginnings. Colonel Denison was a man of powerful and commanding mind, and always a soldier, having been since his boyhood connected with one or other of the local regiments, until he reached the rank of Deputy Adjutant-General, which office Colonel Otter now holds. He was one of the three brothers, whose homes—Dovercourt, Rusholme and Bellevue—were set in localities since intersected with streets bearing their names, and closely built up, and whose families were among the pioneers of our city. Colonel Denison leaves a widow, three sons and one daughter, one of his sons, Mr. Frank Napier Denison, is the very clever meteorologist, whose studies of the tides and kindred matters are proving so invaluable to navigation. Mr. Egerton Denison, another son and his wife, now Hornibrook, reside in Niagara. Mr. Reginald Denison of the Standard Bank, and his wife, nee Dalton, reside in Toronto. Miss Denison's son returned for England, and has not yet returned. Colonel Denison, like Lord Dufferin, had lost an eye—his eye having been shot out by an Indian arrow in his young days. He was one of the few soldiers of the old regime left in this latter part of the century, a bold and hearty friend and an equally hearty enemy, with a gentle and kindly heart, and a generous sympathy for the sad or the afflicted, stiff traditions and an utterly loyal devotion to his Queen and his country's flag. His remains were interred in the family burial ground at Weston, where a tablet records the coming of this staunch U. E. Loyalist family to Toronto one hundred and seven years ago last May. To quote another writer, he was "a worthy member of a worthy family."

The American Indian.

An Argument for His Mongolian Descent.

THE origin of the American aborigines is a problem to which much attention has been given on the other side of the Atlantic as well as on this, and in "Knowledge" for July Mr. Lydekker, the well-known English geologist and paleontologist, discusses with much acuteness and candor, obviously, scientists are forced to choose between two possibilities in this field of speculation. Man either was developed on this continent independently of the human race elsewhere or he was an immigrant. Mr. Lydekker adopts the latter view, and holds that all of the Indians of North and South America, in spite of minor differences, are derived from one stock.

The theory of independent evolution appears to be applicable to a few other genera in the animal kingdom, where striking similarities cannot easily be accounted for on the hypothesis of migration. And the belief is often strengthened by a chain of ancestral fossil forms that are more primitive. But Mr. Lydekker remarks that this continent does not seem to have been inhabited by apes. There are monkeys in South America, but they are as far removed from the man, structurally, as the apes are from man. The apes which to-day most closely approach man in size and organization live in Africa. And the "missing link" which Mr. Dubois discovered four or five years ago (Pithecanthropus erectus) was an inhabitant of the East Indies. But neither living apes nor fossil remains of them have been encountered in America. It has been suspected that certain animal forms in South America may have come there from Africa or Australia across a bridge that is believed to have temporarily extended from the Antarctic Continent. And that is one reason why geologists and paleontologists want to have the neighborhood of the South Pole explored. But up to now evidence that man or his ancestors came to this continent by that route is utterly lacking.

Mr. Lydekker, like many American authorities, believes that the aborigines of this continent came from Asia and are of Mongolian origin. They were men, and Mongols, he thinks, when they first appeared in this country. The geographical argument is not considered. The probable route is not pointed out. Mr. Lydekker deals chiefly with resemblances such as are employed in tracing relationships between species of lower animals. The points of similarity which he notes are complexion, straight, coarse, black hair, an almost total absence of beard, and prominent cheek bones. Still, while others have tried to make it appear that the red man is really yellow, Mr. Lydekker frankly admits that this is not so, and that the complexion of the Mongol is not the same as that of the American Indian.

The English paleontologist enumerates some of the other differences between the two races. The American has a retreating forehead. His eyes do not slant like the Chinaman's. In some Indian tribes conspicuous brow ridges are found above the eyes. The American generally has a narrow nose, with a high bridge. Moreover, he is a stalwart fellow, often attaining a height of six feet in Patagonia. The fact that the Malays, to whom is ascribed a Mongolian origin, have lost the slant eye, is cited to show how time might have worked a change in this respect in the American Indian. However, this feature appears in some of the Eskimos, who

are credited with a remote connection with the parental Asiatic stock. What is perhaps the most radical difference is found in the forms of the heads of the races compared. The Eskimos and some of the eastern tribes of North America possess long heads, the Mongols have short ones, and those of the Western and Southern Indians are intermediate between the two.

A portion of Mr. Lydekker's article is devoted to minor differences in physical form, language and civilization that would naturally manifest themselves in the course of centuries. Inasmuch as the language of the conqueror is often imposed on the conquered it does not alone constitute an important clue to descent. This is equally true of ceremonies and industrial practices. However, Mr. Lydekker roughly subdivides the aborigines of the continent into North, Central and South Americans and Patagonians. The North Americans are still further subdivided; but at the present time the Algonquins are their most numerous representatives.

The most interesting of the Pacific Coast tribes to-day are the Pueblo of Arizona and New Mexico, who have abandoned the nomadic habits of their ancestors and now live in caves cut in the deep sides of canyons, or in villages. In Mexico there has been a mingling of the famous Aztec race and the Sonoran, which latter is thought to be closely related to some of the North Atlantic coast tribes. The Mexican mixture was still further complicated by an infusion of the Maya stock of Central America, where existed a civilization distinct from but fully as wonderful as that of Mexico.

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They didn't light no bonfires on the hills,
Nor 'sist no flag, nor fire no cannons off;
No morning paper 'ath 'im on its bills,
And yet 'e makes you feel that 'e's a toff.

'E do not greatly trouble to express—
Not plain—wot it is 'e'd ave you get;
But 'e must ave it, that and nothing less,
Or there 's language you will not forget.
They tell me 'e's the very spit of me,
And few 'ave ever owned a finer kid;
I've found a master, I that once was free,
And after this I does as I am bid.

No more for me the evenings running wild,
The splitting ed' wen morning skies are grey,
I am the parent of an 'uman child,
And walks precarious, brother, from today.

—The Impudent—London "Daily Express."

The American Indian.

Good Englishmen and Clever William

Not so long ago the German Emperor happened to be at Kiel for the purpose of giving one of his little speeches to some naval cadets who were going forth in a double sense to fight the battle of life. William II. desired to impress upon his youthful hearers the necessity of being, first of all and last of all, "good Germans," and he told them that it was worth their while to study the reasons why British officers, who were the only seamen in the world that could teach them anything, were always "good Englishmen." The Imperial orator, in glowing terms, proceeded: "There are two traits in the English character with which I wish to impress you. They are thoroughness and straightforwardness. A good Englishman is always straightforward; he is always thorough. Be you always thorough and straightforward, and I shall have no fear that you will ever fail to remain good Germans."

Lady—You have been drinking rum. Sandy Pikes—Not a drop, mum, Lady—But how did your nose get so red? Sandy Pikes—From drinking circus lemonade, mum—Chicago "News."

"Novelists please copy." Such is the headline which an English cynical contemporary provides for the report of a curious case of fraud which was decided against the defendant at the Kent Assizes. In this case a lady of position was convicted of falsely representing her adopted child to be her own offspring, with the apparent object of preventing certain relatives from coming into possession of money which her own child, if she had had one, would have inherited.

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13

The Stirring Up of Billy Williams

BY HARRY STILLWELL EDWARDS,
In Ainslee's Magazine.

MAJOR Crawford hurried down the dilapidated steps and through the gateless gap in the fence in great agitation. He stopped once and looked back upon the unattractive little cottage. An imprecation escaped him.

"And it has come to this," he groaned. His pace, when he resumed his journey, was overcast for his thick-set form, and his face took on a crimson flush. Once he paused and turned entirely round, calling, "Aleck!" He remembered, and, in the usual Crawford formula, blamed Aleck for being elsewhere.

Bud Jenkins, sitting low and loosely in the saddle, reined up his mount to a walk beside him. The major took his presence as a matter of course, and, with but half a look at him, continued along the inlignant argument surging in his mind:

"Comes, sir, of mating a dove with a jay bird. Frances Crawford in a place like that! One child starving, sir, and one dead—God!" He choked and sobbed. "I'd have forgiven him for stealing her affections from me; for robbing me, sir, robbing me; I'd have forgiven him for his base misuse of my hospitality; but for this crime, this silence toward me when my own flesh and blood was perishing for food!"

"Why, sir, Billy Williams hasn't contributed one cent to her support in two years. I'm told, and she hasn't now the bare necessities of life. And she refuses, positively refuses, to come home with me and let the child be cared for. Says she'll not leave the sat and dead-beat while he lives, that the seed of the righteous will never be found, beggar his bairn!" Vows failed the major. His wrath exploded in consonants. He mistook his companion's silence for a protest. "Never, sir, never! I'll take her! I'll take the child, but if Billy Williams ever puts his foot in my house, I'll wring his worthless neck, so help me!"

"Why don't you talk to him—his-masher, with 'n' back on?"

Major Crawford stopped short and looked up amazed at the leerish face of his companion, sinking the ground angrily with his cane.

"And who the devil, sir, do you think you are advising in his private affairs?" Then his whole manner changed. "But, will you do me a favor?"

"Glad to accommodate you any time. Want anything, call on Bud Jenkins."

"I want you, sir, the next time you see him in a crowd to tell him what the people think of him. Stir up a spark, if you can. Preach to him, browbeat him, blackguard him. I'd do it myself, Bud, but I'd kill him, too, if he came within reach of my stile. Do it for me, Bud!"

"He'll hear the truth, one time—masher. Ev'rything's anything I matchy-jestin' it's a drunkard."

The major's straight mouth relaxed a trifle. "So say I!" he exclaimed.

"Good-bye, Bud. See him up, if you can. Bud'll take him up. It may help Frances." The last remark was his excuse to himself.

If any visitor to Gordon before the Civil War wished to amuse himself violently—and it frequently happened that a visitor sought violent amusement—he had only to step to the middle of the main street, slap his thighs and roar. This procedure in certain parts of Georgia meant in brief, "I am the best man in town, and I can whip any man of my weight." Generally the amusement began immediately.

In those almost forgotten days every country had its bully or "best man," who as a rule was paradoxical as it may seem, was the *worst* man—an individual who fought his way to the top and never willingly admitted that there was *ever* an *inferior*. Sometimes this bully was a resident of the town, sometimes the county only, maintaining his supremacy in town by occasional visits to keep his memory green, and the eyes of his antagonists black. On his visiting days there was sure to be excitement, and men kept watch for the first indications of it.

No resident disputed Bud Jenkins' claim to rule as the "best man" in Gordon, when he chose to favor the little town with his presence, an honor which he conferred usually about once a month—whenever his periodic thirst and desire to mix with his fellow-men impelled him. At such times he rode into town on his one-horse farm, dignified, commanding, and polite to a painful degree, latched his horse to the public rack, and proceeded impulsively to renew his acquaintance with everybody and everything. Inflating, of course, John Bachelor's most spiritual essence. Generally by eleven o'clock he began by suddenly and exuberantly whooped to release his enthusiasm, which had been carefully cultivated and irritated, and then, in spite of the clerks and merchants, showed a disposition to withdraw from the public gaze. But when Bud had found a man willing to encounter his belligerent spirit, they poured forth into the street and formed a circle around the combatants. The females ended their fast no time in congratulating their champion, whom they secretly detested, and providing him with refreshments. Sometimes in the flush of this congenituous complacency Bud gave a second performance—but usually one sufficed to fill his son's vanity and send him home wavering to his saddle.

The reason Miss Smith and her friends improved in health is that coffee acts as a poison on many delicate organisms. When it is left off, the cause of the trouble is removed; then if Postum Food Coffee is taken there is a direct and quick rebuilding of the nerve centers all through the body, for Postum Food Coffee contains the elements needed by the system to rebuild the nerve centers.

Made at the pure food factories of the Postum Cereal Company, Limited, Battle Creek, Mich., and sold by all first-class grocers.

over ancient gossip or items of news which had drifted in by the one daily train. It was a day for palm fans and siestas—the last day one would soberly choose for action. Bud Jenkins arrived on this hot day from Macon, in the fog and of a prolonged spree. Trying his horse, he proceeded, without preliminaries, to relight the fires of his indignation at the nearest bungalow, and, having succeeded, betook himself with a trall as tortuous as a snake fence, to the middle of the street, where he began to challenge the universe in prolonged cock-calls and war-whoops.

The idle groups upon the streets, hearing these well-known sounds, melted away, without other comment than, "There's Bud!" The only person visible two minutes after the first warning was Billy Williams, who kept his seat on a box under a grocery awning, whittling lazily, smoking his pipe, and preserving his usual mood and melancholy silence—the silence of the man who had learned to regard himself as inferior.

Billy's blotted face was an epithet, but epithets are seldom acceptable biographies, and Billy's biography is necessary to the story of this famous man in Gordon.

His mother had been a member of a poor family, and was distantly akin to Major Crawford. She married the overseer of her father's plantation and was disdained. But she managed to give Billy a college education, and to leave him a bit of soil unencumbered. Billy sold the land, and, adding the proceeds to his savings, found himself possessed of a thousand dollars; then he made his first appearance at Woodstock and enlisted the major's sympathies, which meant a liberal backing in a grocery store in Gordon. At first, Billy prospered, certain inherent qualities made him popular with all classes. Success made him welcome at Woodstock, and the major, after the fashion of men, was blind. He opened his eyes one day when the truth became apparent: Frances loved the easy, agreeable young merchant. There was a storm such a storm as Aleck declared had never before broken over the Woodstock family circle; and as Frances' mother before her, and Billy's mother had decided so decidedly she, obeying the promptings of her heart blindly, resentful of insults to the man whom she had chosen, she went sadly away. Frances having passed from him, the proud old planter settled back, silent, childless, lonely, to live the old life over.

Billy was succeeding, but his system of credit had never encountered a year of cheap cotton, and such a year ruined him. In the meantime he had become a too frequent patron of the "few goods" which every grocer included in his stock, and his ruin was complete. There was a year or two of spasmodic fits of reform, marked by successive failures, and then, without will-power or manhood or self-respect, he entered the ranks of the hopeless.

Frances made a brave struggle before the being like Fitz-James, blade both sword and shield. But the odds were too great. Her furniture disappeared piece by piece, her clothing grew a sart and pathetic, and her children suffered for lack of food. Then her body died of fever it was said; of impure blood it was.

Billy Williams was thinking of this last sad fact that summer day, as he sat and whittled his weak eyes to a censur upon his knife. So complete was his demoralization that people had forgotten he was once thrifty, and was old only in respect. They knew him not, but he knew himself. Hardly. But Billy was to be informed of himself, and that without reserve.

For, as he sat dreaming of the sadness of his life, suddenly his hat was slapped from his head, and he heard Bud Jenkins talking with violent profanity above him. Bud was enraged, in the blind, unreasoning way of a drunken man, over his failure to find a victim, and over what he regarded as the insolence of Billy Williams in retaining his seat when all the town had run to cover. Moreover, he was

Southern Girl

Visiting Friends in Knoxville.

"I had been greatly troubled by being kept awake at night whenever I drank coffee. It also disagreed with my digestion. Last summer I was visiting a friend in Knoxville who had been suffering from rheumatism, caused by coffee drinking. She had quit using coffee, and was using Postum and had recovered, also her delicate daughter, who had been an invalid for a long time, was greatly benefited by the use of Postum Food Coffee.

I found, while I was there and using Postum regularly that I slept much better and grew so strong in my nerves that the change was wonderful. I trust my testimonial will be the means of inducing others to try your magnificent beverage. These are true and honest facts." Miss Frances Smith, 632 Douglas street, Chattanooga, Tenn.

The reason Miss Smith and her friends improved in health is that coffee acts as a poison on many delicate organisms. When it is left off, the cause of the trouble is removed;

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under contract to preach to Billy "with the bark on."

"Take off that hat," he cried, "you low-down, red-face—hic—drunken loafer! What d' you mean by wearin' a hat in this town, you ragged sot? Drop that pipe," and Billy's briarwood disappeared under a left-handed blow from the bully. "What right've you got to be settin' that smokin' a pipe, an' ya' fam'ly at home needin' food, you mangy houn'?" Bud took his victim by the ear and dragged his head around in a circle. "Git up! I'm goin' to take you 'cross my knee an' spank you till you have er rush o' blood to the head!" Git up, sir!"

When his ear was released, Billy was mute and white. The store doors were filling with wondering spectators. Bud Jenkins jumping on poor old Billy Williams, 190 pounds against 130, an athlete against a physical wreck—Bud must indeed be drunk!

"Look at 'im, gentlemen!" continued the bully, thrilled by his own inventiveness, "look at 'im! He says, a thing that what the papers call a min."

He married up in my deestry—one o' the prettiest women in Georgia—Crawford at that—an' now he's lookin' at him!"

He done robbery of every chance in life; done disgraced himself, an' his an' her chillun' starved 'em. It's the low-down NICK Williams blood in 'im a-cropin' out. He ain't inheritin' nary drat o' his man's blood. Last week his little gal died, as much from the want o' food as from fever; an' it had n't been for his neighbors, the women, he'd had to bury her in her little ole nightgown, for want o' decent clothes. An' here he sets smokin' an' loarin', ready to drink if somebody 'treats' an' then go home an' the few crumbs his wife pull for God knows how!"

The amazed crowd looked on breathlessly. Bud Jenkins preening! Billy Williams was shrinking back, lifting one hand appealingly, white and around them were nearly all the men in Gordon. At this moment, but unnoticed by either principal, the major, reading hastily the intention of the bully, broke through the ring.

"It's a shame!" he cried. "Hands off, gentlemen, hands off! Let n—man dare hold me!"

He was too late. Bud Jenkins, who had already violated Machiavelli's great law in undervaluing his enemy, now violated a good old Georgia proverb which reads: "Never step a man."

If you have cause to slap him, you have cause to know him down. Slap him and you give him cause to knock you down." Half dubting the evidence of his senses, Bud slapped viciously with his left hand at his antagonist's face and missed him, for leveling his hand slightly, Billy avoided the clumsy blow; then, with immense energy and quickness, he rushed under his enemy's outstretched arm, clasped him around the thighs, held him clear of the ground, and threw him heavily backward. It was an old college trick, but what followed was not. It was all backwoods—born of the Nick Williams' blood, possibly. In an instant he was upon the astonished bully, a wild-cat in fury, beating his writhing features. It was fearful punishment, but it was the only argument for a brute. Extending their arms right and left, the crowd circled and swayed round the struggling forms, cheering on the savage man and howling over the amazing scene. Suddenly the voice of Bud Jenkins was heard, imploring mercy, and appealing to the bystanders to "take him off." The fingers of the furious conqueror were tearing at the features of his helpless victim.

"Take it back!" cried Billy. "Take it back, you coward!"

"I'll take it back!" moaned the vanquished brute.

The spectators cheered and Major Crawford split the air with a Comanche yell.

"Say you lied!" he shouted.

"I lied." The fatigued words, the abetting formula of a defeated bully.

He had forgotten all about his cringing victim and the reform movement, and he was now slapping his thigh and crowing loudly.

They came, out of stores and secret places, men big and little, old and young, throwing off their coats and rolling up their sleeves; and Bud soon had them upon him like so many hornets, for he had transgressed an unwritten law of Georgia; he had insulted womanhood; he had violated even the bully's code. Angry voices filled the air, and somebody mentioned a rope. He was beginning to retreat and expiate, when a strange thing happened. Billy Williams arose and stood between the angry crowd and its victim, pale and trembling with excitement. As he lifted his hand and began to speak, the major, walking heavily, approached the outskirts of the crowd and looked upon the scene.

"Follow-sitizens!" Billy was saying, "wait a minute! It's my fight. When I am done you can have your turn. Stand back!"

The amazement of the crowd brought silence, and then the tension was relieved by a burst of laughter. Bud Jenkins drew back from the speaker in mock alarm.

"Don't let 'im hit me, boys, don't let 'im do it. Goodness, but I wouldn't let that man hit me for a million dollars."

Neddy Smith, Aleck Thomas, Jim Anders, kept him off o' me if you please?" Bud had forgotten all about his cringing victim and the reform movement, and he was now slapping his thigh and crowing loudly.

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There's really nothing so jaunty as white duck trousers when they're white and unmussed.

We have them tailor-made 1.00—
White Duck Shirts—75c.

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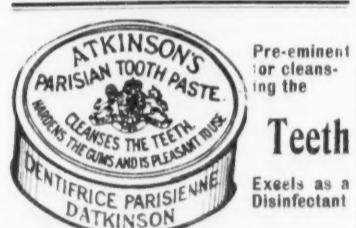
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Sure to—and this is the place to send it. A phone message will bring wagon for parcel.

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People who are languid, tired out or suffering from the after effects of La Grippe can have in the mineral waters of the springs here a healthful bath which will bring you a descriptive pamphlet. Everything here for human health and comfort. Health-giving springs pure air, food and water. Liberal table.

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R. WALDER, Proprietor.



H. & C. BLACKFORD, 114 Yonge St.

'Twasn't Mark Twain. Audience Took Temperance Lecturer for Famous Humorist.

MARK TWAIN is a good talker, and invariably prepares himself, though he skillfully hides his preparation by his method of delivery, which denotes that he is getting his ideas and phrases as he proceeds. He is an accomplished artist in this way. His peculiar mode of expression always seems contagious with an audience, and a laugh would follow the most sober remark. It is a singular fact that an audience will be in a laughing mood, when they first enter the lecture room; they are ready to burst out at anything and everything. In the town of Colchester, Conn., there was a good illustration of this, the Hon. Demarest Hornet having a most unpleasant experience at the expense of Mark Twain. Mr. Clemens was advertised to lecture in the town of Colchester, but for some reason failed to arrive. In the emergency the lecture committee decided to employ Mr. Hornet to deliver his celebrated lecture on temperance, but so late in the day was this arrangement made that no bills announcing it could be circulated, and the audience assembled, expecting to hear Mark Twain. No one in the town knew Mr. Clemens, or had ever heard him lecture, and they entertained the idea that he was funny, and went to the lecture prepared to laugh. Even those upon the platform, excepting the chairman, did not know Mr. Hornet from Mark Twain, and so, when he was introduced, thought nothing of the name, as they knew Mark Twain was a pen-name, and supposed his real name was Hornet.

Mr. Hornet bowed politely, looked about him, and remarked: "Intemperance is the curse of the country." The audience burst into a merry laugh. He knew it could not be at his remark, and thought his clothes must be awry, and he asked the chairman, in a whisper, if he was all right, and received "yes" for an answer. Then he said: "Rum slays more than disease!" Another, but louder laugh followed. He could not understand it, but proceeded: "It breaks up happy homes!" Still louder mirth. "It is carrying young men down to death and hell!" Then came a perfect roar of applause. Mr. Hornet began to get excited. He thought they were poking fun at him, but went on: "We must crush the serpent!" A tremendous howl of laughter. The men on the platform, except the chairman, squirmed as they laughed. Then Hornet got mad. "What I say is Gospel truth," he cried. The audience fairly bellowed with mirth. Hornet turned to a man on the stage and said: "Do you see anything very ridiculous in my remarks or behavior?" "Yes, ha, ha!" It's intensely funny—ha, ha, ha! Go on!" replied the roaring man. "This is an insult," cried Hornet. "As down Love's lane I chanced to rove, I've photographs of each sweet face. The many maids I delighted to love!

Then Katherine my brain perplexed. For briefest spell soon followed Neil—It's slipped my mind just who came next; If Margaret or Isabel—

And then Hertense, whose rippling curls

A nimbus seemed her brow above, Next found my gallery of girls—

The many maids I delighted to love!

I've Grace's photograph and Faye's,

Some mounts were plain, some arabeque—

I haven't looked at them for days—

I guess they're somewhere round my desk!

But one sweet face, as large as life,

Hangs on the wall where all may see;

I introduce her as my wife—

The maid who delighted to first love met

—Town Topics."

Our Moon.

A widespread legend of great antiquity informs us that the moon is inhabited by a man with a bundle of sticks on his back, who had been exiled many centuries, and is so far off that he is beyond the reach of death. This tradition, which has given rise to so many superstitions, is still preserved under various forms in most countries, but it has not been decided who the culprit originally was, and how he came to be imprisoned. Dante calls him Cain. Chaucer assigns his exile as a punishment for theft and gives him a thornbush to carry, while Shakespeare loads him with thorns, but by way of compensation gives him a dog for a companion.

Political.

The orator of the meeting sat down after a very obscure sort of speech.

A bright-looking man in the center of the hall asked what was meant by a particular phrase.

The orator, with withering scorn, said:

"Oh, I cannot supply you with intelligence."

"You are quite right, you can't," replied the questioner, and he sat down amidst the applause of his supporters.

Knowledge of Food.

Proper selection of great importance in summer.

The feeding of infants in hot weather is a very serious proposition, as all mothers know. Food must be used that will easily digest, or the undigested parts will be thrown into the intestines and cause sickness.

It is important to know that a food can be obtained that is always safe,

that is Grape-Nuts.

A mother writes: "My baby took

the first premium at a baby show on

the 8th inst., and is in every way a

prize baby. I have fed him on Grape-

Nuts since he was five months old.

I also use your Postum Food Coffee

for myself." Mrs. L. F. Fishback, Alvin, Texas.

Grape-Nuts food is not made solely

for a baby food by any means, but is

manufactured for all human beings

who have trifling or serious difficulties in stomach and bowels.

One especial point of value is that

the food is predigested in the process

of manufacture, not by any drugs or

chemicals whatsoever, but simply by

the action of heat, moisture and time,

which permits the diastase to grow,

and change the starch into grape sugar.

This presents food to the system ready for immediate assimilation.

Its especial value as a food, beyond

the fact that it is easily digested, is

that it supplies the needed elements

to quickly rebuild the cells in the

brain and nerve centers throughout

the body.

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Base Ingratitude. Filigende Blaetter.



"I have bad news for you, Emmy. Uncle Tobias has been speculating and has lost all his money."

"The ungrateful, horrid thing—after we went and named our child after him!"

1896, has written 'Captains Courageous,' 'The Day's Work,' 'Stalky & Co.,' and 'The Absent-minded Beggar.'

"The truth would seem to be," adds our London letterwriter, "that the writer-fellows of this generation, always excepting, of course, the fictionists, lack staying power." This is a grave indictment, and it wanted to be formulated.

My Maids.

I've pictures of them all, I think, Estella, Maud, and winsome Sue, And those two that I always link.

Together, Madeline and Praise. They led me such a merry chase.

As down Love's lane I chanced to rove,

I've photographs of each sweet face.

The many maids I delighted to love!

Then Katherine my brain perplexed.

For briefest spell soon followed Neil—

If Margaret or Isabel—

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But one sweet face, as large as life,

Hangs on the wall where all may see;

I introduce her as my wife—

The maid who delighted to first love met

—Town Topics."

Banquet to Mr. John Lawless,

T HE vitality and esprit de corps

that characterize the Independent Order of Foresters in all its activities were never more strikingly demonstrated than

by the rousing banquet tendered

by the headquarters' staff on

Wednesday evening to Mr. Thomas Lawless, Assistant Supreme Chief Ranger, on the eve of his departure

for Europe to promote the interests

of the order. Fully 200 guests, a majority being ladies, were present in the

beautiful banquet hall of the Temple Cafe at 8 o'clock, when the function began. For two hours merriment and good fellowship were at their height.

Dr. Oronhyatekha, Supreme Chief Ranger, presided, and in addition to the young ladies comprising the office staff, who numbered over 100, there

were present—Mr. Thomas Lawless,

the guest of the evening, and Mrs.

Lawless; Mrs. Oronhyatekha, Mr. and

Mrs. Harry A. Collins, Major W.

McMurtry, Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Rose,

Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Davy, Messrs.

John A. McGillivray, J. W. St. John,

William Laidlaw, Geo. Kappel, B.

Green, London; Barlow Cumberland,

C. A. Stone, G. A. Harper, A. T. Hunter,

W. H. Hunter, George W. Gouinlock

and James St. Clair. The large

dining-room presented a beautiful

appearance when the guests had all as-

sembled. The tables were well arranged,

and they were beautifully decorated.

The Temple Cafe has recently

been still further beautified by the

addition of a large number of lovely

gardiners from Benares, India, finger

bowls from Egypt and Persia, and

screens from Egypt, all purchased by

Dr. Oronhyatekha at fabulous prices,

expressly for Caterer Davey. The

menu served on this occasion was

equal in every respect to anything the

cafe had heretofore produced, and

warm were the encomiums showered



TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, Editor

SATURDAY NIGHT is a Twelve page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly, and devoted to its readers.

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You can have SATURDAY NIGHT sent to any address in Canada or United States for 20 cents per month; to foreign addresses 25 cents. Order before leaving and appreciate afterwards your forethought.

International Athletics.

BY GEORGE ORTON.

THE last two weeks have been productive of some of the grandest athletic performances that have ever been known. The Olympic games held in conjunction with the Paris Exposition drew all the best of the American athletes across the water. A taste of their grand quality was seen at the English championships, when, though handicapped by climate and fresh from a long sea voyage, the representatives of the New World carried off eight out of thirteen events. This was done against the best athletes of Great Britain and Ireland, and the result surprised them mightily. All of the visitors ran well excepting the distance men, including Orton and Grant, both Canadians. After their poor showing, the English distance men openly stated that the American distance runners were decidedly second-class, which was rather hard on such good men as the two mentioned above, Creighton, Bray, and Hall.

The other, and the longest distance event proved a surprise, for the English champion Robinson was beaten. A Canadian did the trick, your humble correspondent. Orton ran away off form in England, as did all the other American runners, but the English would not believe this. Thus when the 2,500 metres (1 mile 065 yards) steeplechase was called, it seemed to them merely a question of how many yards Robinson would prove victorious. The pace was very fast, and on the last lap Orton seemed better. But 300 yards from home, the thoughts of his defeat in England and the importance of the event nerve him for a final effort. He rapidly overhauled the English champion, and eventually won by six yards. The time, 7 minutes 34 seconds, is much faster than was ever made

LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

in his present form he can create new figures for this distance.

Sheldon, another N.Y.A.C. man, won the shot-put at 40 feet 2 1/2 inches. He is the only American who has ever approached the record of our own champion, George R. Gray.

Baxter, of Pennsylvania, won the high jump and pole vault. In the former he showed his right to the title of world's champion, by clearing 6 feet 2 1/2 inches, and just failing to clear 6 feet 6 inches, which would have been a new world's record.

Tewkesbury, another Pennsylvanian, carried off the 400-metre hurdle race, making a new record of 53 3/5 secs.

A Hungarian proved a wonder at the discus throw, for he hurled it 110 feet 4 1/4 inches, new figures taken from Continental rules, by which the measurement is taken from the face line of the square, or that produced perpendicularly, to the point at which the discus first touches the earth. Direction thus plays an important part in the contest, and it was remarkable how skilfully the Hungarians and other European athletes guided the flight of the missile. They threw it as straight as a baseball pitcher throws a ball.

The English won the 800-metres with Tysoe, and the 1,000-metres with Bennett. The latter did it in 4 minutes 0 seconds, a new world's record for the distance, though it is not nearly as good as the mile record of W. G. George, who covered 125 yards more in 4 minutes 12 3/4 seconds.

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land, Georgetown, 2nd; Schultz, Denmark, 3rd. Time, 49 2 1/2 secs. (for this distance).

800 metres (874.88 yards)—Tysoe, England, 1st; Creighton, Princeton, 2nd; Hall, Brown, 3rd. Time, 2 min. 1 1/2 secs.

1,500 metres (1,635 yards)—Bennett, England, 1st; DeLinge, France, 2nd; Bray, Williams, 3rd. Time, 4 min. 6 secs.

2,500 metres, steeplechase (1 mile 065 yards)—Orton, Pennsylvania, 1st; Robinson, England, 2nd; Chastaine, France, 3rd. Time, 7 min. 34 secs.

Shot-put—Sheldon, N.Y.A.C., 1st; McCracken, Pennsylvania, 2nd; Garrett, Princeton, 3rd. Best distance, 40 feet 2 1/2 in.

Discus—Bauer, Hungary, 1st; Jauda, Hungary, 2nd; Sheldon, N.Y.A.C., 3rd. Best distance, 110 feet 4 1/4 in.

High jump—Baxter, Pennsylvania, 1st; Leahy, Ireland, 2nd; Goenzy, Hungary, 3rd. Best distance, 6 feet 2 1/2 in.

Pole vault—Baxter, Pennsylvania, 1st; Collett, Pennsylvania, 2nd; Anderson, Norway, 3rd. Best distance, 10 feet 8 1/2 in.

Broad jump—Kraenzlein, Pennsylvania, 1st; Prinstein, Syracuse, 2nd; Leahy, Ireland, 3rd. Best distance, 23 feet 5 1/2 in.

Other Scratch Events.

60 metres—Kraenzlein, Pennsylvania, 1st; Tewkesbury, Pennsylvania, 2nd; Rowley, Australia, 3rd. Time, 7 7/8 sec.

200 metres, hurdle—Kraenzlein, Pennsylvania, 1st; Prichard, India, 2nd; Tewkesbury, Pennsylvania, 3rd. Time, 25 2 1/2 secs.

4,000 metres, steeplechase—Rimmer, England, 1st; Benét, England, 2nd; Robinson, England, 3rd. Time, 12 min. 58 2 1/2 secs.

Standing high jump—Ewry, N.Y.A.C., 1st; Baxter, Pennsylvania, 2nd; W. Sheldon, N.Y.A.C., 3rd. Best distance, 5 feet 4 1/2 in.

Standing broad jump—Ewry, N.Y.A.C., 1st; Baxter, Pennsylvania, 2nd; W. Sheldon, N.Y.A.C., 3rd. Best distance, to feet 10 in.

Standing three jumps—Ewry, N.Y.A.C., 1st; Baxter, Pennsylvania, 2nd; Garrett, Princeton, 3rd. Best distance, 34 feet 7 1/2 in.

Running hop, step and jump—Prinstein, Syracuse, 1st; Connolly, B.A.A., 2nd; W. Sheldon, N.Y.A.C., 3rd. Best distance, 47 feet 4 3/4 in.

Hammer throw—Flannagan, N.Y.A.C., 1st; Hare, Pennsylvania, 2nd; McCracken, Pennsylvania, 3rd. Best distance, 167 feet 4 1/2 in.

Tug of war—America, 1st; Denmark, 2nd; France, 3rd.

*World's record for the event.

Standing by Countries.

	FIRSTS.	SECONDS.	THIRDS.
America	17	13	12
England	3	2	1
Hungary	1	1	1
France	2	2	2
India	1	1	1
Denmark	1	1	1
Ireland	1	1	1
Australia	2		

This is a wonderful showing for America, and proves her undisputed claim to the leadership in track and field athletics.

Golf.

THE St. Catharines Golf Club, whose course, by the way, Ritchie, the Rosedale pro, laid out, is making strides in the royal and ancient game. From having a very primitive course and few members, it has this year a membership of 100, and all are enthusiastic players. The course has been improved greatly, and the grass over it all has been cut. The greens, though very small, are in good condition. The length of the course over all is 2,755 yards, divided as follows: 1st, King, 335 yards; 2nd, Long Pine, 250 yards; 3rd, The Farm, 260 yards; 4th, Long, 450 yards; 5th, River View, 360 yards; 6th, Twin Trees, 285 yards; 7th, Cox, 300 yards; 8th, The Elms, 180 yards; 9th, Home, 335 yards. The club has several local rules which need some slight modification. The course is picturesque, and very accessible. Last week, Mr. Baxter, Mr. Lyon, and Ritchie of Rosedale went over and gave an exhibition which was followed by a good attendance. Lyon and Ritchie turned in cards of 50 each, and Baxter 54. The officers are: President, W. W. Cox, Esq.; Vice-president, H. J. Taylor, Esq.; Secretary-treasurer, Miss A. Fenton; Captain, Miss B. McLaren; Green Committee, Miss Fenton, Miss McLaren, Herbert Collier, Esq., H. O'Reilly, Esq., and Mr. Courtney, Kingston.

The defeat of Cobourg by Port Hope, on the Port Hope links last week, was a surprise, especially after the manner of the defeat of the Country and Hunt and the Rosedale teams by the Cobourg Club. As some of the Toronto players have remarked, this is quite explainable, as Cobourg cannot play such a strong game off its own ground. The course is very flat, and not particularly sporty, so that when the team gets on a natural one, it is pretty much at sea. Of course, when Rosedale met them they were strengthened by Stewart Gordon, of the Toronto Club, and John Dick, of the Morningside and Rosedale Clubs. However, as Cobourg is to come to Toronto to meet the Rosedale team, it will be interesting to see how far the home ground helped them out in their last game.

Mr. H. J. Martin and Mr. W. Rein Wadsworth are on a canoe trip up the Severn. Mr. George S. Lyon spent several days this week with his family at Yorke.

Rumor has it that J. H. Taylor, the open champion of Great Britain, is to visit America for a New York sporting goods house. The report, however, is not confirmed from any reliable source, and Taylor himself is said to have denied it. Even should the champion's denial of this come from an authentic source, it does not lessen the probability of his coming. Very few in similar cases admit that they are coining until arrangements are definitely completed. Should Vardon and Taylor come together on this side of the water, Americans will see golf that has never been equalled in the New World, and the question of supremacy

of the world's two best golfers would be decided.

Vardon is scheduled for a whole week's golf this month at the Eagle's Nest Country Club at Blue Mountain Lake. This is the golfing headquarters in the Adirondacks. An item which appears in United States print would go to prove that Taylor is coming to America. It says he is scheduled to play at the St. Regis Club in the Adirondacks during the week of August 13th, and that a match is being arranged with Willie Dunn.

The Western players have criticized the recent championship tournament at Garden City. The Chicago "Inter-Ocean" is rough in its denunciation of the meet and its management. The text of its criticism is, "That Eastern golfers do not appreciate high class play is evident from the lack of attendance and want of enthusiasm at the sixth annual championship of the U.S.G.A. at Garden City. From a social or any other standpoint outside of actual play, it was a decided frost. It is hard to understand why the association chose such an out-of-the-way place as Garden City, when so many accessible courses were available. There was not even a corporal's guard in the gallery any day except the final, when there were less than 400 actual spectators who were not professionals, club officials, or newspaper men. The contrast to Owentsia last year was very marked. Even though it rained on the initial days, the attendance was head and shoulders over that of this year, thousands following in the finals. Hobart Chatfield Taylor was this year congratulated again and again on the successful meet of 1899, and when asked his opinion of the Garden City tournament, would say nothing but that the play was of the best order. The congratulators evidently wished it to be inferred that the West at least knows how to take care of its guests after sundown."

The Tao Memorial Fund has now reached the £1,200 mark, and the committee is yet at a loss to know how best to apply it. A great many suggestions have been made, but none seemed quite fitting.

Findlay Douglas is driving magnificently. He covers 240 yards repeatedly without the assistance of wind or fall of land.

It is commonly supposed that constant smoking is bad for the nerves, especially for a golfer. Either the supposition is wrong, or Hilton is an exception. In England it is said that wherever he plays he can be traced by burnt matches and cigarette ends. He smokes even when in the act of driving.

The Great Chinese.

THE most eminent Chinaman in China—Li Hung Chang—is pure Chinese in descent. This may sound like saying that "truth is truth," but, as a matter of fact, the rulers of China are Manchus and Tartars, and not Chinamen at all. The sobriety of Li Hung Chang is proverbial. Of all the charms of life that allure other men, he cares only for power, and disdains that which is simply pleasure. In his own philosophical way, he says, "Flowery paths are not long."

When Li Hung Chang rises he goes to work, and at seven o'clock eats a breakfast composed of birds' nest soup, rice congee, and coffee without milk or sugar. At the close of the meal he takes a grain or two of quinine and goes to work again. Li Hung Chang has always been thrifty, and has taken advantage of his great opportunities to make money. It has been said that he is the richest man in the world, but that of no one knows, as Li has not divulged his financial status. However, he practically owns the railroads and telegraph lines in China, which he put on his own responsibility and at his own expense, and derives the revenue from them.

In no country is the short, pithy proverb more valued than in China. The fashion was set by Confucius, founder of Chinese philosophy, who habitually spoke in proverbs. Li Hung Chang is known to the Occident chiefly by reason of his genius as a soldier and statesman, but, besides these, he is a philosopher and retailer of proverbs and aphorisms of no mean order. Many years ago he laid down a policy for the treatment of foreigners which has become universal in both China and Japan. It is: "Let us use foreigners, but do not let foreigners use us."

When the great Chinaman was in New York he was entertained by Mayor Strong. During his interview Li asked the mayor why he had not taken part in the Civil War. The mayor replied that his brother had been in the army, but that he had stayed at home to take care of the family, and was in civil life. "Ah," said Li, "you were a very good soldier in time of peace, I suppose, and a very good civilian in time of war." At another time he was discussing governments, and said, "Five thousand years ago China was a republic just as the United States is to-day."

"What made you change your form of government?" he was asked.

"The change," he said, "was the most gradual in the world, and our first emperor was a plough-hoy."

When he was in England he uttered an aphorism, the result of a short acquaintance with the two gentlemen concerned in it. It was as follows: "Your Lord Salisbury is a man who says little and means much. Your Mr. Gladstone is a man who says much and means little."

When Li was in Germany, the Kaiser asked him, "How do our women compare with those of China?" "I really cannot tell," said Li, slyly, fastening his eyes on the corsage of a lady who was present. "We never see half as much of our women as you do of yours."

Rival Beauties.

THE fancy of the Cornwallis West family certainly lightly turned to thoughts of love during the latter part of the spring that is now past. Two members are announced as engaged, and rather sensational matches they have made.

Most of us can with ease remember the day when Mrs. Langtry was the rage, those days before the footlights flared into her fair face. But before Mrs. Langtry stepped upon the boards she had a most serious rival in beauty, and that rival was Mrs. Cornwallis West, the mother of the two young folk whose engagements have been announced.

At one time the rivalry of beauty threatened to divide England into two camps as effectively as did the Tichborne case, but so far as the gaping public was concerned the matter was nipped in the bud. Of course the mass of the aforesaid gaping public can only judge of a beauty from photographs, and in the days of the West-Langtry war the shop windows were filled with the photographs of the rivals.

A wild demand sprang up for those photographs, the individuals of each party buying his favorite and pooh-poohing the claims of the opposing fair one. The matter gave signs of becoming more or less of a public scandal, when one morning, lo and behold! in the shop windows but one queen reigned—Mrs. Langtry everywhere!—Mrs. Cornwallis West nowhere!

Indignant, the supporters of the beauty that was Mrs. Cornwallis West rushed into the shops and demanded of the sellers of beauty visages why no photographs of their choice were exhibited. All the sellers could answer was, "Allah knows! Ask me another." The truth of the matter soon leaked out. Cornwallis West was, and is, a military man, and he saw with increasing anger his wife brought into unhealthy competition, before the staring public, with another woman, and the immodesty of it all was plain to him. He swooped down upon the photographers who were making free with his wife's face, and the photographers were soon tumbling over one another in their haste to gather in those photographs. This ended the rivalry so far as it concerned the public. Mrs. Cornwallis West, moving quietly in the best society, has brought up a beautiful family. Mrs. Langtry continued in the shop windows, adopted the stage, bought and otherwise acquired race horses, and is Mrs. Langtry as of old.



A. C. KRAENZLEIN OF PENNSYLVANIA UNIVERSITY



G. W. ORTON

The University of Pennsylvania team proved to be the grandest collection of athletes that have ever represented any institution, for they succeeded in capturing six out of the twelve world's championships. In the twenty events (the other one was a tug-of-war by countries) they won eight firsts, eight seconds, and three thirds, a most remarkable showing.

Her Nerve and Her Nose.



HE was stage-struck, and possessed one of those noses which Tennyson brought into fashion by one descriptive poetic line, "Tippled like the petal of a flower;" in other words, turned up to a hopelessly direct angle, between two of the darkest and most speaking eyes that ever shone in a young man's face, and rattled him out of all sense of discretion. She saw the advertisement for lady sues for the production of Children of the Ghetto. "There's my chance to get behind the footlights," said she, vainglily. "I shall begin as a supine." "How about your nose?" inquired her chum, who was observant, if not diplomatic. The stage-struck girl paled. "I forgot my nose," she faltered. "Miriam with a pug-nose. Impossible!" and she fell a-thinking, then drew on her gloves, jabbed a hat-pin through her Rough-riders hat, put her purse in her pocket and left the house. Presently a telephone call informed her chum that she would not be home for luncheon, and when she did return, the shades of night were falling. She wore a veil, and she went to her room without speaking to anyone, and had her dinner sent up. The servant who brought it up came out of the boudoir with an expression of dazed incredulity, and was observed to pinch herself and goggle about at intervals, and finally heard to mutter, "My word! I never saw the beat of it!"

Quite early next day the chum heard a bright voice cry outside her chamber door, "Bye-bye. Wish me luck. I am going to see the manager!" "For what?" sleepily inquired the chum. "To be engaged for a thinking part in the Children of the Ghetto." "Oh, go on!" snorted the chum. "Look in the glass," and with that unkind bit of advice fell asleep. The stage-struck maiden again wore a veil as she proceeded down town to the theater office. Once or twice she was observed to how to persons who stared at her in return, and then she blushed crimson, and her pretty lips formed the words, "I'm an idiot!" with hearty self-condemnation. At last she found herself outside the theater and waiting with several shabby-looking women in an ante-room of the tiny den where the manager was wont to abide. He came bustling through the ante-room after five minutes, glancing sharply from face to face, and then to the door-keeper to bring in the stage-struck to the little den. "What's your business?" he said curiously, noting her rich gown, her dainty gloves and shoes, and her thick veil. She sat down and unfastened the veil, choosing her seat before the only window in the grim little den, "To be taken on the cast of Children of the Ghetto," she said calmly. "I'm stage-struck and I look a good part, and I know how to walk about, and, if necessary, pose, or say a short sentence. Will you engage me?"

The manager gave her a long look: a combination of sneer and laugh was in it. "You've got nerve, and you've got a nose!" he said, shortly. "I guess you'll do. What's your name?" "Real or stage?" she asked, even more shortly. "Any old thing. I can't number you like a Blackwell Islander, can I?" he said, insolently. "I don't know what you can do," she retorted, just as insolently. "My name is Rebekah Judah. Will that suit?" "Sounds like a pawn shop—so it ought to," he said, with a quick laugh. "Have you ever acted?" "No." "Can you speak?" "Would you like to hear me?" "Go ahead," said the manager, lighting a cigar. The stage-struck girl stood up and recited the 121st Psalm. The manager listened to the end. What with the dark eyes, the ringing, rich, full-toned voice, cultured and distinctive, and the nose, he was completely vanquished. "Good," he said, "you'll do." The stage-struck girl nodded. "I thought so myself," she said, agreeably. The business was very soon settled. The manager seemed big puzzled. "Say, where did you pick up that yarn?" he asked. "I seem to have heard it before." A man named David wrote it," she said, carelessly. And she walked out without even bidding the manager good-bye, but she put on her veil before she did so. Then she called at a couple of newspaper offices and sent up a couple of items to the society editor to the effect that she would spend some months in Europe. Then she called upon a famous maker of wax noses and ears and paid him several ten dollar bills. Then she went home and called for her chum. "You see," she remarked to that worthy girl who stood gaping, "I must tell you, though I'd rather not, because I've got to wear this nose all the time now. I am taken on for the Children of the Ghetto. I have merely to recite the 121st Psalm and wear this costume, and she took a colored picture from her handbag. "You must buy the things for me, for I am sure the shops would know my voice." "But—but—" "I'm no goat, and I never butt," said the stage-struck girl. "You'll see what nose and nerve can do this winter, and meantime I am in Europe." And the winter passed, as winters do, and in the spring the manager wrote a courtly letter to Miss Rebekah Judah, and embodied therein his sentiments in such unmistakable fashion that Miss Judah resigned from the cast of the Children of the Ghetto, took off her nose, banked her winter's salary, and, having returned from Europe, exquisitely gowned, sat with a boy party in the theater and heard the manager emulate the account of Ananias in his excuses for the non-appearance of Miss Rebekah Judah, who, owing to family bereavement, had been called out of the city, and would be absent for some time. Miss Judah never answered the manager's letter, and was thereby shamed one husband, one house on the Drive, one bank account, and a parure of diamonds fit for the Queen of Sheba.

G. E. D.

The Philosophy of Fear.

HERE were four of them seated together in Gordon's room, and one was an idiot—not an idiot by stress of circumstances or environment, adversity or affliction, drink, or financial reverses, but just a plain, natural-born idiot, in whom the light of reason had never penetrated.

Gordon, who made a specialty of such cases, was treating him, and Phillips and Briggs were watching the experiment. Phillips was a third year medical student, and Briggs was a reporter on "The Daily Canard." The idiot rarely took a hand in the conversations, but was a corking good listener, a quality which some alleged sane men might emulate with advantage.

"The greatest curse of this age," observed the doctor, after a short silence, during which all three had been puffing away assiduously, "is fear—just plain, cowardly fear. We fear we know not what, from eating green apples in our youth, to the veriest phantoms of a diseased imagination in our manhood. Every man is afflicted with fears, definable and indefinable. This very attitude of fear, which we hold so tenaciously, is responsible for the disasters which beset us right and left. We do not have to fear, but we cultivate it. David said, 'The thing which I greatly feared is come upon me,' and that is one of the most profound maxims that has ever been uttered. We are educated to fear from our childhood, and our fears increase as we go on, for the child, as every observer knows, fears less than the man. Our disasters are the penalty we pay for our fears. Shakespeare says 'Conscience doth make cowards of us all.' He might have said, 'Modern education doth make cowards of us all.'"

This was an unusually long speech for the doctor, who was, like the sailor's parrot, "not much of a talker, but a beggar to think."

"You refer to fear in the abstract, doctor, mental and physical?" interrogated Briggs from behind a great cloud of smoke.

"Yes. All fear is mental. Physical fear, so called, is but the manifestation of mental fear. Our fears are the creations of a disordered fancy, and not of ourselves a thing

apart." They grow like weeds by dwelling upon them. Do you suppose that men like Blondin and others who daily perform the most daring feats know what fear is, or allow themselves to doubt their ability to perform what they have in hand?"

"You mean, doctor, that we lack confidence in ourselves," said Phillips, flicking the ash off his cigar.

"Exactly. We have not trained our minds to master our fears. Every successful man has, and therein lies the secret of success."

"But is not fear a process of thought common to all men?" observed Phillips, thoughtfully.

"To a certain extent, but developed enormously in proportion to our knowledge. You remember how man was warned against eating of the tree of knowledge, and Pope said 'A little knowledge is a dangerous thing.' The logical conclusion is that much knowledge is fatal. We limit ourselves as to the attainment of specific objects, otherwise there would be no bound to what we might accomplish."

"According to your theory, doctor, man in his savage state has less fear to contend with than the highly developed product of our vaunted civilization," observed Briggs from the depths of a luxuriant arm-chair.

"Precisely. Is it not the case, and to the extent that the latter is able to triumph over them he is the better man. What does your real home-grown aborigine know about fear? It is practically a sealed book to him. He does not know enough to fear. We are fast developing into a race of cowards."

"I believe you're right, Gordon," said Phillips, lighting a fresh cigar from the box. "But to what extent is man responsible for his fears?"

"I don't like that cigar you're smoking," interjected the idiot with a deep frown, just like a sane man.

"Our fears, as I have said, are the abnormal creations of our imagination. They unconsciously assert themselves and we are responsible for not learning to control them before they control us. By dwelling upon them, we invest them with more or less fictitious power over us, which is all the reality they possess. Continual contemplation develops them until they manifest themselves in the precise thing we feared. Work it out for yourselves."

"I feel you're right, Gordon," said Phillips, "but it's easier said than done—I mean controlling our fears."

"That's because we have been accustomed for so long to allow our fears to master us, with more or less resistance, according to the individual. Every man has his own select assortment of fears. What's the good of our minds, if we are not to use them to control our baser faculties?"

The question was apparently unanswerable, for Briggs and Phillips smoked on in silence.

"To return to the savage," continued Gordon, gazing into vacancy and blowing forth volumes of smoke, "what does he know of the penalties that are supposed to follow the violation of certain theories and the endless discoveries of so-called modern science, about which no two men agree?" Absolutely nothing, and he is therefore exempt, we know, and we pay the penalty," and the doctor spoke bitterly.

"We certainly pay the penalty," rejoined Briggs, cordially. "I feel a cold coming on from that draft we are sitting in now."

"Pardon me," said Gordon, "you have been educated to believe that a breath of fresh air in the particular form of what you call a draft, is more or less deadly, and like thousands of others you fall in line. If you did not fear it, you could not take cold from a current of fresh air. What, for instance, does your aborigine know about colds or fashionable maladies? Not enough to have them. Is it not so? He does not know of them, therefore he does not fear them, and, therefore, I may add, he does not suffer from them. To know, or think you know, is to fear."

"Well," observed Phillips meditatively, "we seem to have a pretty big debt to pay our ancestors for the crop of fears of various sorts we have inherited from them."

"That's it. We have all received our legacy of fears, but it is for us to master them. We are all creatures of environment, and each man is largely responsible for his environment. We can control our thoughts, and therefore our fears. Did you ever hear of a successful man in any line who doubted or feared his success along that line?"

But the question was never answered. A succession of shrieks was heard in the corridor, mingled with the most dismal and blood-curdling howls, and with a bound a monster bulldog sprang into the room. From his mouth flowed blood and froth, and his eye was the eye of an animal in a frenzy.

"My God, he's mad," yelled Phillips, dashing for cover. Gordon and Briggs jummed for the table, grabbing up the nearest available weapon.

The idiot, of all, remained cool. He walked over to the dog and put him out. He didn't know enough to be afraid. J. M. J.

His Prayer.

Behind the plow he travelled, day by day: The daisies smiled as they were sepulchred; No rites were said, no lamentations heard— Is there not resurrection time of May? There came a famished cry from lands away.

Not made in written line or spoken word— Great need makes earnest plea far more than they Who go upon the mountain-top to pray.

This was his prayer, among the cattle said—

Not in set phrase begged he who held the plow, Yet knowing many poor were lacking bread.

But with scarred hands uplifted: "Seest Thou?" Then He, whose hands were pierced, beheld the sign,

And said to earth, "Bring forth for Me and mine!"

—Edward Dutcher, in the "Impressionist."

She—Mrs. Newrich declares that she has come from an exceedingly old aristocratic family. He—That may be so; but she must have come a very long way.

A little girl of four years was riding past a cemetery with her mother. Looking up, she said: "Mamma, how long is it after they bury a person before the gravestone comes up?"

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Alster... Saturday, Sept. 1, 10 a.m.
Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, Tuesday, Aug. 22, 2 p.m.
Lahn... Tuesday, Sept. 11, 10 a.m.
Trave... Saturday, Sept. 15, 10 a.m.
New York, Cherbourg, Southampton, Bremen

Koenigin Luise... Thursday, Aug. 23, 10 a.m.
Frederick der Grosse, Thursday, Aug. 30, 10 a.m.
Groser Kurfurst... Thursday, Aug. 6, 2 p.m.MEDITERRANEAN GIBRALTAR NAPLES, GENOA
Kaiser Wm. II, August 18; Kaiser Wm. II, September 1; Werra, September 15; Kaiser Wm. II, September 22; Ems, October 6.

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Chicago and Return.

On August 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th the Wabash Railroad Company will sell round trip tickets from Niagara Falls, N.Y., or Detroit to Chicago at over \$2 less than the one-way fare tickets, good to return August 31st. By payment of 50 cents to joint agent at Chicago tickets can be extended until September 30th, 1900. Four solid wide vestibuled trains each day to Chicago, without change. Full particulars at Wabash Office, northeast corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto. J. A. Richardson, District Passenger Agent.

Anecdotal.

Once upon a time Mark Twain appeared in public as a political speaker. As a conscientious Republican in his political preferences, he took an active interest in the presidential campaign of 1860. While visiting in Elmira, New York, in the fall of that year, he made a short speech on a Sunday night introducing to a Republican meeting General Hayley, of Connecticut. In the course of his remarks Mr. Twain said: "General Hayley is a member of my church at Hartford, and is author of *Beautiful Snow*. Maybe he will deny that, but I can only here give him a cheater from his best place. As a pure virgin, I respect him as a natural friend of ours. I have the warmest regard for him as a neighbor, whose vegetable garden adjoins ours, why-why. I wish him. As the author of *Beautiful Snow*, he has added a new page to literature. He is a square, ten man in honest politics, and I must say he deserves a mighty lionsome position. So he is so beautiful in his character that he never turns a woman empty-handed from his door, but always goes him a set of introduction to his pure, honest, inimitable, the like of Mrs. Mayhew. Such a man in politics is like a bottle of perfume in a perfume factory—it may moderate the stench, but it doesn't destroy it. I haven't said any more of him than I would say of myself. Ladies and gentlemen, this is General Hayley."

I can think of no particular connection linking between the Chinese question and French opera unless it be *The Geisha*, which being Japanese in scenario and English in atmosphere, is manifestly, in Euclid's phrase absurd. So that I must tell this now and true of most recent anecdote of the great French singer Capoul, a personable boisterous Capoul, then Capoul tells the story against himself in what he calls

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A carefully compiled society list of Toronto, Hamilton and London, containing useful and valuable social information.

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the "pre-historic days when the coiffure called a la Capoul was in vogue," rushed one day into the barber's shop near his hotel, just a few minutes before a big concert at which he was obliged to appear, for a shave and haircut. When the razor had done its work, the artist who wielded it inquired:

"What coiffure does Monsieur de-
sire?"

"Well," said Capoul, blushing a little, and with some hesitation, "the coiffure a la Capoul, since it is the fashion."

Whereupon the barber turned and re-turned Capoul's head in every direction, with that off-leaf thoroughness familiar even to those of us who are not great operatic singers, after whose methods with brush and comb a fashionable style of dressing the hair has been christened.

"A la Capoul?" he said at length. "A la Capoul? Ah Monsieur," he added, reproachfully, "it is not possible, You haven't the head for that!"

Here is a little story of Sir Henry Mallet: Lady Charles Borel was Miss Mina Gardner—the daughter of Mr. Richard Gardner, formerly M.P., for Manchester, by his wife, who was Comtesse de Mendelish in her own right. Her cards of invitation used always to be issued in the name of Mrs. Richard Gardner, nee de Mendelish. On one occasion when she invited Sir Henry Mallet to dinner, she invited Sir Henry Mallet to dinner, who was then Colonel Mallet of the Grenadier Guards; he returned the following reply: "Colonel Mallet, nez retrousse my much pleasure in accepting the kind invitation of Mrs. Gardner, nee Mendelish!"

Let me tell two rather grim Parliamentary stories. The first reflects the ever sardonic humor of Lord Salisbury. When Lord Monkswell brought in his "Bulid Authorities (Cremation) Bill" the other day, Lord Salisbury expressed a hope that, in the interests of humanity as of English clearness of expression, he would modify the title. "What burial authorities does your bill propose to cremate?" he asked— and Lord Monkswell brought forward an amendment altering that title. But for a Parliamentary joke that is really memorable, command me to the following from Major Beschi, "Here!" he said, speaking at a public meeting, the other day, at Stockfield. "It's a specimen of the value of ladies at the front. Recently at a military hospital a lady sat down beside a soldier's bed and commenced reading about in a very impressive manner." This was too much for a Tommy in an adjacent bed, who called out, "You're wasting your time, miss, it's a good talking to him—it's been dead an hour!"

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I have received several very funny yarns from South Africa. Here are two or three of them: The scene is at Wynberg Camp Hospital.

Lady—Poor fellow! Can I do anything for you?

Patient (evening)—No, thanks.

Lady—Can't I wash your face and hands?

Patient (desperately)—You can jolly well do as you like, seem' as seven other ladies have washed my face seven times this blessed day already. (Goes to sleep, snoring distractingly.)

Though war is on in the north they have jolly dances at Wynberg, to some of which the officers of the Imperial forces now in Cape Town are invited, and make a bold effort to put in an appearance. Arriving at one of these dances the other night a trifle travel-worn and finding the gentlemen's cloakroom to be quite an impromptu cloakroom on the verandah, not adapted to the change of garment wished for by the guests, the host showed them into a bedroom within the residence, where they put off and put on for the evening's festivities. At 2:30 a.m. the special train was reported, and, lo! to leave but having waited to the last moment, our bold townsmen rushed into the house and sought their room, where a dim light burned, bauling off their evening togs as they entered. A distressful outcry from a dainty curtailed bed, with eyles of "Help!" bale them pause, and the amazed soldiers saw a much night-capped and beffled old lady struggling into a sitting posture, and they discovered that grandmother had regained possession of their dressing-room. During the dance and was roused from her slumbers under the impression that Krauser and all his tricks were disputing possession. Amid gales of laughter the officers arrested their disarming act and sought better guidance from their host to discover the location of their travelling suits.

Do you know the quiet girl? There is one of her in every set. Sometimes she smiles well, that bright, lievelike smile of a smile which encourages everyone and makes them feel happy and satisfied. She accepts practical jokes, confidences, and rowdiness and treats with that gentle smile. The quiet girl may be deep, she is certainly restful. Strange to say, she participates like her to be of their company. She is interesting, for she may be thinking anything—the loftiest or the lowest—one can never be quite sure of her. If she plays or sings well someone must remember her, for she will never even express herself in music unless she is made to do so. If she paints, plays golf or tennis excellently, she must be seen—she will never tell what she can do. She cannot hide her shame of feature or her chis in dress and the quiet girl often has both, and seems to take her pleasure in them by stealth—one never sees it. She never tells who made her frocks or hats, how much they cost or where they were purchased. Nine out of ten women must do this or explode. But quiet girls are only the tenth part of womanhood.

Gossip," says Mrs. Burton Harrison, in writing of good form, "has, in fact, gone out of fashion." Women will smile at this assertion, but Mrs. Harrison rather meant by gossip the critical and malicious comment and detraction which is born of the envy or personal dislike which one woman or man has sometimes for another. This thing was never good form. But people are too fond of designating as gossip many things which are worthy of a better name. You and I have probably often felt aggrieved when a man has broken in upon a spirited discussion among a feminine party with the jovial remark, "Well, what are you gossiping over now?" Women can't live without gossip. And he said it in an exasperatingly superior tone, which implied that men were not of the like case. "This is history, not

He Wants to Know.

Puck.



The Frog—I wish I was a lady's pet!
The Dog—You a lady's pet? Absurd!
The Frog—What's the matter? Don't you think I'm ugly enough?

Tobacco Dyspepsia.

The Majority of Smokers Suffer From This Disease.

Heart Disease Follows It, Unless It is Checked—Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets the Only Means of Curing It—They Never Fall.

Do you smoke? Are you tortured with Heartburn, sometimes? Is your breath short, especially after exertion, such as running up-stairs, or hurrying to catch a car? Does your heart take spells of painful fluttering or palpitation?

The majority of smokers have these symptoms, one or all, at one time or another. They all don't know that they are caused by "Tobacco Dyspepsia."

And they lead to Death. The heart becomes affected, because it is in sympathy with the stomach and reflects every derangement. Heart Disease follows. Then Death comes.

There is one way of getting rid of all these ills. Only one way. But it is a sure, certain, quick, easy way. It is no secret. Use Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets act immediately. They take on themselves the work of digestion, and tone to the stomach, stimulate the bowels, and cure Indigestion, Dyspepsia of every form, Heartburn, Biliousness, Sour Stomach, Wind on the Stomach, Foul Breath, and all Diseases of the Stomach.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets act in such a manner that you can eat any kind of wholesome food while using them. They cure in two or three weeks. They leave stomach and bowels in such condition that they do their work properly.

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duct for you to have in hand. Where is the other part?"

He looked very much embarrassed. "It's in 'hock' to the typewriter."

We all laughed, but it was serious business to him.

"How much is it 'hung up' for?"

"Fifteen dollars."

I looked at my brother. "I guess we can spare that, don't you think?"

So Crane went away joyously and brought the last half of *The Red Badge of Courage*, still unnamed at

August 11, 1900

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MUSIC *

UR richly gifted Canadian solo pianist, Mr. Harry Field, of Leipzig, who is at present on a holiday visit to Toronto, his old home, affords a convincing illustration of the effects of a thoroughly musical environment and of the self-analysis of one's own powers induced by constantly hearing the great artists of the world, in broadening and developing the player's style and resources. Had Mr. Field remained in Toronto he would, to a large extent, have been deprived of the stimulating impulse to reach the highest ideals of interpretative art as applied to the piano, which is constantly felt in so active a musical center as Leipzig. I had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Field play at a private recital on Saturday evening, and was struck by the immense profundity astonished by the immense advance he has made in his art since he left this city. The advance is noticeable not only in the technique of mere execution, but also in technique of touch, and judgment and authority of expression and interpretation. Mr. Field has also gained in power and brilliancy, so that he has been transformed from the drawing-room artist to the concert hall virtuoso. I understand that Mr. Field is combining business with pleasure on this visit, and is accepting a few pupils during his stay here.

It is a pity that the dog days are upon us and that "everybody" is out of town or no doubt Mr. Field's friends would invite him to give a public recital before he departs again. Speaking of the private recital already mentioned, a most remarkable programme was given—remarkable on account of the transcendental difficulty of nearly every number, and for the musical merit of each. A few of the numbers were contributed by a couple of Mr. Field's friends. Here is a scheme which is a veritable setting of records: Leopold's Overture, No. 3 Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata, Beethoven's variations on a Paganini study, Brahms' Fugue in G minor, Bach's symphony in C minor, first movement Beethoven's Mass in D major, Chopin's Rosenthal's Barcarolle, Hongroise, No. 5 and 11, Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody, Liszt's Les Vampires, Liszt's Bellini's Intermezzo in B, Schubert's Sonata (the Alten, the Rain), Schubert's "The Alten, the Absent and the Return," Beethoven's Waltz, and the Schindler's Sonata. Beethoven's first movement, Louis Campion's Triton, Elgar's "Sinfonia," and Schumann's. Here, indeed, was a feast sufficient to satisfy the appetites of the most prodigious musical gourmet. Out of the question of course such a gigantic scheme would have been at a concert, but among appreciative musical friends it did not cause anxiety.

Mr. Field's indisposition, the unfortunate will be in America in January and will be open for oratorical and concert engagements.

Mr. Kenneth Thomsen, the English basso, who was lately married to Miss Clara Burt, will make his debut in America early in January. Mr. Thomsen's father was a member of the British army, and Kenneth was destined to follow a similar career. His father, however, overpassed his inclination for military service, and he took up singing as a profession. He is a good basso, and an expert singer, so that should be well to know that he is likely to become very popular with our athletic young musicians.

The arrangements for the tour of the United States and Canada by Edward Strauss and his great orchestra are almost completed. Mr. Strauss is now in Europe and he deals with Herr Strauss the making up of the programmes to be played in over 100 cities of the United States and Canada. Several hundred engagements have been already secured from American musicians from all over the country. These will be played to Herr Strauss, who will select the most deserving for performance during the tour, and they will be duly announced at each concert. Interesting features of the programmes will be the performance of selections from the operas and dance music of the great Johann Strauss, the "Waltz King," the first introduction to the American public of a waltz composed by the three brothers, Johann, Josef and Eduard Strauss; also the first performance of a waltz expressly composed by Herr Strauss as a compliment to the American people. The great band will appear in this city in November next.

The jubilee of Lohengrin arrives on the 28th inst. On that day fifty years ago the great opera was performed for the first time at Weimar, with Liszt as conductor. After the exciting days of 1848 Wagner was a fugitive and an outlaw. He had completed his work in the month of August, 1847, but Liszt hesitated for three years to have it performed being afraid that it would not be well received on account of its extreme ideal coloring. It was, therefore, not until April, 1850, that he set about

preparing for its production. In taking this step Liszt showed a great deal of courage, for in those days opinions were widely divergent as to the genius of Wagner, whose political escapades had also made him an object of aversion in high quarters, and the support given by the management of the Grand Ducal Theatre at Weimar, which spent £300 on the scenery for the first performance, was also highly creditable to the home of Goethe and to the literary traditions of that city. It was not without a reason that the birthday of Germany's great poet was selected as the date of the first performance of Lohengrin; it was hoped that the already festive import of the day would react on the audience and make them disposed to appreciate the novel beauties of this work of genius, and the hope was realized to the full.

Leslie Stuart's comic opera success, Florodora, will receive its first American production in New York in October. The piece has already been played 300 times in London.

The Prince of Wales is the arbiter in all matters connected with the social conventionalities of opera in London. When Mr. Gran, in order to give the great Wagnerian works in their entirety, had the curtain raised at half-past six, the Prince came early and took his dinner in a private room attached to the omnibus box. The Princess is nearly as enthusiastic over opera as is the Prince. Mr. Gran admits that he owes much of the success of the London season to their patronage. This success was so marked that the receipts for one week, \$25,000, were without parallel in the history of opera in England.

Many people may the Suite, says a contemporary, and derive great pleasure therefrom. Yet it is the delight of those who cannot play to make fun of them. Everybody knows the weak, old saying that the "only thing worse than a dupe is two dupes." The latest Suite is the statement that at a meeting of a sports committee at Kilmarnock, Scotland, a member objected to the engagement of a flute band. The chairman overruled the objection, and it was finally overruled when the objector pointedly pleaded, "Oh, for heaven's sake, don't bring you flute band back, for I'm hung up, if one of my nephews doesn't play the last time." It was decided to engage a brass band. This reminds me of the anecdote about Herr Grisebach, a celebrated solo violinist in the 81 days in Toronto. He was invited by an admirer of his to attend a private musical soiree. Herr Grisebach went, but ever afterwards regretted it. To see his own works? "What you think?" There was Mr. E.—on the first flute, Mr. D.—on the second flute, and Mr. H.—on the third flute. Ask Gottlieb three flutes, and nothing to drink!"

Still another local anecdote. A well-known professor of music, rich but domineering, was one day found in a saloon just finishing a drop of something very delicious to the organ. An acquaintance, Mr. T., who dropped in invited the worth professor to take a drop with him. "No, thank you," replied the musician, "not now, but you can leave me some with the bartender and I will call another day and have something."

And again another and the last, the truth of which I can vouch. A prominent citizen who is known to have a very weak musical memory, sometime ago attended the homecoming reception to a South African Cavalier. There was a large attendance and a band. The band at the opening of the reception struck up "Auld Lang Syne." The Prof. at once stood up, baring his head with great solemnity. To his surprise no one else followed the example. A friend pulled him down to his seat and asked him what he was doing. "Why," said the Prof., "the band was playing the National Anthem." The person concerned told this to me as a good joke against himself.

CHERUBINO.

A Yankee View of British Destiny.

A VAST African Empire, stretching from the Mediterranean to the Cape of Good Hope, and slowly widening till it shall hold within its confines the whole Dark Continent—that is the result which should logically follow from the Boer war, and in that lies the explanation of England's grim determination neither to yield nor listen to compromise, says the Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post," a paper not unfriendly to the British Empire.

The onlooker may be pro-British or pro-Ber, but he cannot be in doubt as to England's policy and the almost inevitable future of at least the greater part of Africa. The time may not be long in coming when Gibralter will cease to be an isolated possession, and when the Mediterranean will be practically an English lake.

With Egypt and the Nile controlled, with all the southern part of the continent in England's hands, what remains to be done will be comparatively easy of accomplishment. There will be vast forests and jungles to explore, weak nations and native tribes to overcome, European powers to coerce or to purchase with promises regarding advantages in other parts of the world.

When Marchand attempted to establish a foothold in the Nile country he was sternly brushed aside, and England stood ready for instant war. In that one fact there lay an all-sufficient declaration of intentions.

Nothing is truer than that history repeats itself. The centuries are but

ada there were rival claims, but England rose above all. So it will be in Africa. America did her share in the development of that continent. She sent Stanley. England seized upon the results of his labors and then took even the man himself. The world is England's orange.

Thackeray, a thorough Englishman, once wrote that if you step on a man's come he will move his foot away; then you may stand where he was standing. England keeps stepping on the toes of the world and seizing space as feet are moved. True, this does not always work. When, for example, a century and a quarter ago Uncle Sam's feet were stepped on, England lost. But that was another story.

The Sahara itself will come under British control—possibly through irrigation—possibly through the making of it into an interior sea. It was not of England that the ancient poet wrote: "Hitherto shall thou come, but no further and here shall thy proud waves be stayed."

A strange contrast to all this is the quietude of the English country, old-fashioned, sleepy, crowded London, that will stand any degree of inconvenience rather than inaugurate such improvements as have made its rival capital, Paris, the glory of the world—England, averse to change—with its charming country lanes, its red-tiled cottages, its dreamy Oxford, its silent, huge cathedrals, its patient, quiet population—where are the signs of the restless activity, the unyielding determination, that sent it forth to the conquering of the world and that have kept it so steadily at the task? Her soldiers are kindly and simple-hearted, her clowns greet you with genial reserve and quietude, her business men are in no hurry of haste. Yet the restless qualities are there. England is growing tighter and tighter, reaching farther and farther, expanding and ever expanding. Nor is there any sign that the term of this worldwide dominion is approaching. Even her enemies barely try to check her. They cannot draw out levitation with a hook.

A Fairy Story.

ONE of the proprietors of a shoe department store in Chicago decided the other day to find out how customers were treated in his establishment. He is so seldom seen around the place that few of the clerks know him by sight, hence it was not necessary for him to assume a disguise or formulate an elaborate plan for the success of his undertaking.

Going into the shoe department he sat down to be waited on. A clerk who had been in the store only a few weeks hurried forward and asked:

"May I show you a pair of shoes?" "Yes," the merchant said, "I would like to look at some, but I don't know as I'm ready to buy a pair today."

"Very well," said the clerk, "we'll see what we can find."

Then he made some inquiries as to the style his employer preferred and the size he wore, and began taking down boxes.

The shoe after another was tried on, but the customer could not be suited. The toes were not right, or the shape was wrong, or it didn't fit, or there was something else about every shoe the clerk produced that was not as it should be.

Three or four times the proprietor said he guessed he would have to give it up and try again at some future time, but the clerk always persuaded him to wait just a moment.

Then he would get another pair and make a new effort to suit the gentleman, setting forth as eloquently as he could the merits of the shoe and expressing confidence in his ability to find what was wanted sooner or later.

At last the merchant looked up at his employee and said:

"You don't seem to be worried over the fact that you have wasted an hour here with me."

"Oh, I don't think I've wasted the time," the clerk replied. "People are invited to come here and do business if they see what they want. If they can't be suited they ought to have as much right to complain as we."

"Still you have left it all to me. Don't you think you ought to know more about it than I do? You sell shoes every day, you know."

"I sell shoes every day," the clerk said, "but I can't wear yours for you, and I shall not try to persuade you to buy something you don't want."

The proprietor went out saying he might return at some future time and try again. After he was gone the head of the shoe department went over to the new clerk and whispered something to him. The latter turned a little pale along the sides of his nose and said:

"Then I suppose I may as well begin hunting around for another job."

On the following morning the manager of the store called the saddened clerk into the office and said:

"The president of this company went to the shoe department yesterday to get a pair of shoes."

"Yes, I know it," the clerk replied. "He couldn't get what he wanted."

The clerk gave a long sigh and looked at the floor.

"You told him you were not anxious to sell goods if people didn't show proper eagerness to buy," the manager went on.

The clerk nodded that it was so. "Well, do you think it would pay us to keep a man like you in our shoe department?"

Feeling that it would profit him nothing to be abject, since he was to be discharged anyway, the miserable clerk replied:

"I suppose not. But if I had it to do again I would do as I did yesterday."

"Very well. We need a man to take charge of our clothing department, and Mr. —— wishes you to have the place, because you were kind enough to give him credit for knowing what he wanted better than you did."

Childish sympathy for the unfortunate and childish trust in man were charmingly illustrated in a recent incident, which happened in New York.

A little four-year-old, with a sadly maimed cat in her arms, approached the policeman guarding the entrance to Bellevue Hospital, and asked for a doctor. The amused, but sympathizing, officer led her to the receiving ward.

The surgeon was at first disposed to reprove the policeman, when the nature of his "case" was revealed to him, but the imploring tears in the little one's eyes softened him, and did his professional best in relieving the sufferings of the mangled animal.

"Now," he said, when he had finished, "you can take your kitty home."

"It ain't mine," replied the child.

And, smiling gratefully, she departed.

Policeman and surgeon looked at each other.

"It strikes me," said the surgeon,

"that I am the victim of an innocent confidence game. Have the cat sent to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to animals. It will take care of it."

And this was done.

A Good Little Girl.

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Proverb—Posterity is the Comfort of Fools.

An ass who led a hard life with a hard man, his master, brought him how he might better his condition. And at sundown of a certain day, being delivered of his yoke, he gave him on to his hind legs and danced rather prettily.

And the man, his master, was astonished, and said, "I should not be surprised if we have here what the learned call a genius."

And that night the ass slept the contented sleep of one who has made his fortune.

But early next morning the man, his master, awoke him with blows, and proceeded to load him with the usual burdens.

"I thought you said I was a genius," protested the ass.

"What difference does that make?" said the man.

"It is reported that one of Bolivar's fastidious newly-married ladies kneads bread with her gloves on."

The incident may be somewhat peculiar, but there are others. The editor of this paper needs bread with his shoes on; he needs it with his pants on, and unless the delinquent readers of this old rag of freedom pay up before long, he will need bread without a darned thing on.

During the season of Navigation

Upper Lakes Steamships "Alberta,"

"Athabasca" and "Manitoba" will

leave Owen Sound Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 5:30 p.m.

after arrival of Steamship Express

leaving Toronto at 1:30 p.m.

Connection will be made at Sault Ste. Marie and Port Arthur and Fort William for all points west.

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During

Popularity of the Pianola

Social and Personal.

Miss Belle McLeod is spending a short time at Crystal Beach, near Buffalo. Mr. Norman McLeod is at Sturgeon Falls. Mr. McLeod sailed for England last Saturday. Rev. Mr. McLennan, brother of the late Mrs. Waits, and rector of Trinity Church, Chicago, is the guest of Mrs. Charles McLeod, 510 Jarvis street.

It is strange that an instrument that has received the heartiest endorsements from such eminent musicians as Paderewski, Sauer, Moskowsky, etc., should have in so short a time attained so great a popularity with the musical public?

Recent shipments have just been made to prominent citizens in Hamilton, Vancouver, Owen Sound, Beaverton, and other points.

The Pianola enables anyone to play the piano without practice and without study.

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WASH SUITS
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"POPULAR" BRAND SHIRT WAISTS (New York Make)
Regular 65c., reduced to 45c.

COLORED STAR SHIRT WAISTS
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115-121 King Street East, and
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Buy and Sell Investment Securities on Commission on all principal Stock Exchanges.

Receive deposits; allow interest on deposits and credit balances; draw bills of exchange against a General Financial Business.

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I make a specialty of high-class tailored

—Outing Suits,
—Wheeling Suits,
—Golfing Suits,
—Yachting Suits,

and my selection of high-class imported woolens for making such is very exclusive and splendidly assorted.

THE ROSSIN BLOCK.

greetings of relatives and friends the scene was one to be long remembered. It was one of the events that contribute so largely to the attractions of the cottages and camp life on the Kawartha Lakes.

Mr. J. M. De La Haye and sister, Miss Clara De La Haye, are summering at Bobcaygeon.

Miss Thibaudéau is a visitor in the city, the guest of her sister, Mrs. W. J. Kavanagh, "Bonny Castle."

Mrs. M. Sweetnam and Miss Alice Sweetnam are spending this month at Mount Clemens, Mich.

Mr. Archie Sullivan has returned from England and is with Mrs. and Miss Norah Sullivan, at Atlantic House, Scarborough Beach, Maine. Miss Sullivan has gone on to visit her uncle at Falmouth.

Mr. Mercier's friends in Toronto, who have always followed the career of the promising young tenor with interest, will be charmed to hear of his great success in Paris, where he is a member of the Opera Comique. Recently, at a very swell musicalale given by a prominent and wealthy resident of la belle ville, M. Mercier's and Madame Wagner's due from Nanon was by all voted the gem of a very fine programme. A Torontonian who heard it tells me that our former resident is in great voice and done well.

Mr. Gordon Macdonald went to England this week. Mr. Arthur Hagerty is at Scarborough Beach.

Mrs. C. A. B. Brown, Jarvis street, is spending the summer on the Atlantic coast.

Principal Manley of Jarvis Street Collegiate Institute is enjoying a week's fishing in Eastern Lake Ontario.

Mr. J. E. Wilkinson and Mrs. Wilkinson have returned to town from Muskoka. Mrs. Wilkinson will hold her post-nuptial reception in September.

Mrs. Baudry of Chicago, daughter of Mr. G. F. Marter, arrived in the city this week.

Miss Laidlaw has returned from Muskoka, where she has been a guest of Mrs. Hardy, at her charming summer home, "Oono," Lake Rosseau.

Mrs. W. P. Bell is at Port Sandfield.

Mr. John Carruthers is with his family in Edinburgh just now after a charming tour of Scotland. Mrs. and the Misses Carruthers are enjoying the beauties of Auld Reekie, but, from what I hear, they are agreed that Canada is the place for them, and we may perhaps welcome this estimable family back again ere long.

A large party of young men are at Eureka Point, Kawartha Lakes. When they arrived a flotilla of boats came out to meet the steamer andousing choruses were sung by the occupants. The illumination of the cottages was most effective, a gigantic N. Mr. Munro Nassau's initial being a prominent figure. Three large bonfires, and rockets, went streaming into the air, to explode like shrapnel and scatter showers of colored balls. The moon shone brightly, and the night was clear and calm, and with the joyous

The Monday evening dance this week at the Yacht Club was rather a long one on the veranda, a quiet tête-à-tête on the lawns, where there are so many cosy seats arranged, than a dance, though the crowd of young folks continued to invite heat prostration by rushing two-steps and energetic waltzes. They all looked charmingly happy, though collars wilted and curls became straight, and everyone is in raptures over the condition of the floor, so long the only drawback, and now in such perfect shape. Among

Sir Adolphe Caron has been in town for a few days this week, and put up at the Queen's.

Mrs. R. B. Denison will make her home with her brother and sisters, Mr. and the Misses Brown, when she leaves Mr. Charles Denison's.

On Wednesday four or five small dinners were enjoyed at the Yacht Club by over-coasted citizens, who found an agreeable refuge from the intense heat and an excellently served repast on the upper balcony. Professor and Mrs. Goldwin Smith, Miss Crookes, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cayley and Miss Cayley, Sir Adolphe Caron, Miss Maud Givins, Mr. Ricardo Seav-

er, and several others were there, the hospitable honorary secretary being the host of Sir Adolphe Caron, who was very marked in his expression of his pleasure with the cool, quiet, restful hour after the heat and business affairs of the day.

On Wednesday Mr. A. R. Creelman was the host of a very nice luncheon at the Toronto Club, in honor of Mr. Charles Russell, son of Lord Russell of Killowen, who is in town on business this week. The guests were all prominent men, some of them being happily in town most opportunely, and all pleased to meet their distinguished legal guest of honor.

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IT ALWAYS REPAYS A CAREFUL READING.

BARGAIN No. 1.

Whaley-Royce.

7½ octave Upright Walnut Piano; height 4 ft. 6 in.; iron frame; double repeating action; engraved panels; in use seven months; original price, \$300. Present Price, \$235.

BARGAIN No. 2.

Karn.

7½ octave Upright Piano in handsome chouiné case, with engraved panels. Height 4 ft. 5 in.; full iron frame; in use about one year; in perfect order; original price, \$325. Present Price, \$240.

BARGAIN No. 3.

T. W. Morgan.

7½ octave Upright English Piano; very handsome burl walnut case; height 4 ft.; only two years in use; a little gem; engraved panels. Present Price, \$135.

BARGAIN No. 4.

Broadwood.

7½ octave Square Piano; in rosewood case; carved legs and lyre; length 6 ft. 4 in.; in first-rate order. Price, \$127.

BARGAIN No. 5.

Berlin Piano Co.

7½ octave Upright Artist Piano; handsone walnut case; full iron frame; fine tone and action; 3 pedles; height 4 ft. 7 in.; original price, \$350. Present Price, \$220.

BARGAIN No. 6.

Fox.

7½ octave Square Piano; in rosewood case; carved legs and lyre; Ogee mouldings; length, 6 ft. 1 in. Price, \$108.

BARGAIN No. 7.

Wormwith.

7½ octave Upright Walnut Piano; height 4 ft. 6 in.; engraved panels; double repeating action; iron frame; looks like new; used about twelve months; original price, \$275. Present Price, \$220.

BARGAIN No. 8.

Steinway (N.Y.)

Upright 7 octave Piano, in neat rosewood case; height, 4 ft. 4 in.; iron and ebony frame; double action; case panel carved; original price, \$650. Present Price, \$325.

BARGAIN No. 9.

Kingsbury (Chicago)

7½ octave Square Piano; fine rosewood case; full iron frame; in excellent order; a fine practice piano. Price, \$69.

BARGAIN No. 10.

Chickering.

7½ octave Square Piano; fine rosewood case; full iron frame; in excellent order; a fine practice piano. Price, \$230.

BARGAIN No. 11.

Thomas.

7½ octave Square Piano; in rosewood case; length, 6 ft. 2 in.; carved legs and lyre; in excellent order. Price, \$119.

BARGAIN No. 12.

Weber.

7½ octave Upright Piano; unusually handsome; full case height, 4 ft. 10 in.; rich carvings; iron frame; 3 unisons; beautiful tone; looks as if just from the factory; original price, \$850. Present Price, \$240.

TERMS OF SALE:

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- A discount of 10 per cent. off these prices for cash.
- A stool accompanies each piano.
- Every instrument safely packed without extra charge.

When writing give name and date of this paper and mention the Bargain Number

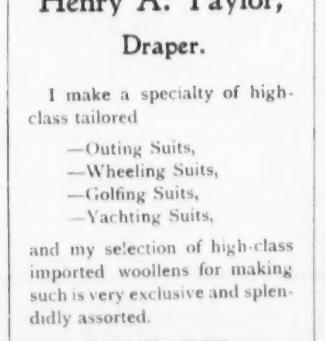
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TERMS OF PAYMENT:

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- Pianos over \$150.00, \$15.00 cash and \$6.00 per month.
- Pianos over \$250.00, \$25.00 cash and \$7.00 per month.



SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

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After 17 years successful practice in the largest cities of Europe and America, gives free consultation here daily regarding any trouble or defect of Face, Hair, Hands, Feet or Figure.

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Suit Case

We have them at

\$5.25, \$7.50, \$8.50, \$10, \$11, \$12, \$13, up to \$30.

We letter all cases as desired, and we prepay charges to all Ontario points.

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Many of the patterns are exclusive with us, being the product of our own factory. Our prices on these are below competition.

The Chas. Rogers & Sons Co. LIMITED

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Try Picturesque Orillia This Season and Court Health and Pleasure on the Shores of Lovely Couchiching and Splendid Simcoe.

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The air is clear and healthful.

Pure spring drinking water.

Every comfort and convenience of civilization.

Daily excursions and endless means of amusement.

Couchiching Beach Park, one of the most beautiful lakeside resorts in Ontario.

Capital bass and Tongue fishing.

First class board in private houses at \$5 and \$6 a week.

For further particulars apply—

SECRETARY BOARD OF TRADE,
ORILLIA.

Social and Personal.

The dance given by the gentlemen of Mrs. Meade's, Center Island, was held in the Aquatic Association Hall, and though the weather was tropical the beauty of Wednesday night made the affair one of the summer successes. There were just a nice number of dancers, very dainty refreshments, and plenty of enjoyment. The music was fine, and those whom the gentlemen so hospitably entertained paid them many compliments on their very complete arrangements for the pleasure of their guests. There are a great many bachelors on the Island just now, as well as householders, and they seem to be having a very good time, notwithstanding the unprecedented heat.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Reburn of Berrard Avenue have left for the Sand-

ORCHARD POINT, the new Summer Resort on the Narrows, separating Lakes Simcoe and Couchiching, still has accommodation for about twenty guests. This resort is beautifully situated; has a splendid outlook; is close to good bass fishing; is convenient to Atherley Railway Station; has excellent boating and bathing facilities; large shady grounds; tennis court; croquet lawn; concert hall, etc. A special feature is made of the cuisine and service, which is first-class in every respect. Rates \$8 to \$10. For further particulars apply to—

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JOHN MCBAIN,
ORILLIA.

Banks, where they will spend two weeks.

Mr. William Mackenzie returned from England this week. Mrs. Mackenzie and her children, with Mr. Alec's fiancee, Miss May Kirkland, and Mrs. G. W. Allan, of Moss Park, have been spending a delightful mid-summer at Mr. Mackenzie's summer place at Kirkland.

Mr. and Mrs. Laing are at the seaside. Miss Amy Laing is at Prout's Neck with Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Muir.

"Who's that?" "Mr. ——" "Is he married?" "Yes, his wife is in Europe." "And that?" "Mrs. ——, her husband's in South Africa." "And those?" "A grava-widow, whose husband is in a gold cure, and a man

whose wife is in the hospital." "And have you no married people in Toronto who manage to stay at home at the same time?" Virtuous indignation on the part of the Toronto person!

The Wild West Show at the Point is a corker. Everyone says so who has seen it.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Smith and Miss Jean Milne returned from the Saguenay trip on Monday. It was very pleasant and enjoyable.

The Postmaster-General and Mrs. Mulock and their son and daughter are at their country place. I hear of some first-class stock being purchased for their farm.

The Hunt Club has been a favorite dining place these hot evenings. The Toronto elite certainly do appreciate this delightful country place, and the moonlight this week is simply charming.

The Sultanesses.

One hundred and forty-seven of the Sultan's wives were gathered together in the great room of the harem, and surely such a collection of beauty has never been seen before. Circassians whose perfect features outshone the statuary of the Greeks, Turkish women, a few Armenians, several French, Belgians, and Roumanians, and all of perfect form and feature, for the Sultan had the artistic eye and loved beauty.

There were whisperings and mutterings as the one hundred and forty-seven swept into groups and knots; little heads shook with suppressed emotion or nodded emphatically to give accent to some remark. Fair-haired and dark-haired, slim and stout, they were for the only time in their wedded lives of one accord.

"It's a scandalous thing, an innovation, a torture," said Zulieka, one of the Sultan's oldest wives.

"It's never been done in your time," said Zulieka, "asked little Marie sweetly. She was from Bruges, and put up with the harem sooner than return to her father, who was a farm labourer.

"No, it hasn't, indeed," answered Zulieka incisively.

"Do you hear that, your majesties?" called out Marie in her shrill voice. "the Sultaness Zulieka says that for thirty years and more no one has ever been vaccinated here."

"I didn't say so, I'm—I'm only thirty now," cried Zulieka, but her voice was lost in the laugh that followed. Marie's speech, from those who heard her question, and in the general hubbub.

"I shall faint if they stab me," wailed Yarowska, a Georgian beauty. "Shall we refuse?" inquired Mursha, a Persian lady of aristocratic presence.

"You refuse, dear, and we'll back you up," cried some.

"How brave she is, she shall be our leader," cried others, and Mursha's eyes flashed proudly, and her nose stood out boldy and defiantly.

"Yes, I will be your leader against this terrible scourge—this torture," shrieked, and in the noise that followed none heard the Sultan and his new man doctor enter, with his guard of eunuchs.

"Commence with Mursha," he called out, and in the dead stillness that followed the surprise occasioned by his sudden presence, the eunuchs seized Mursha and tore off her jacket.

"Yes, my love, with a nose like a mountain, you shall be our leader," remarked the Sultan, sardonically, as he stood in front of the captive and eyed her. The other Sultanesses huddled together in fear, their faces white, some already fainting, some weeping, some too stupefied to move or make a sound.

"Spare me, O Lord of the universe, whose path in life is strewn with the stings of all enemies," cried Mursha. "I could spare you quite easily," retorted the Sultan, his huge bulk shivering with amusement as the Sultanesses writhed in the grasp of the giant.

"But we'll have this little performance first. Holder of all the plagues let me see you at work," he added to the lady doctor, who was quietly taking out a number of little instruments, and molesting them with some substance.

"Spare me, O Lord of the universe, whose path in life is strewn with the stings of all enemies," cried Mursha. "I could spare you quite easily," retorted the Sultan, his huge bulk shivering with amusement as the Sultanesses writhed in the grasp of the giant.

"If you don't keep quiet you shall be inoculated all over," he said to Mursha, and then as the eunuchs held her arms stiff the doctor stabbed her three times just a little below one shoulder, each stab bringing forth a piercing scream. A tiny drop of blood gathered below each wound and soon trickled down the white arm as the eunuchs let her fall fainting to the ground and seized another lady.

Again and again the lancet did its work amid screams and prayers, until at last all the Sultanesses were inoculated with the virus of mumps, although they were under the impression that they were vaccinated against the danger of smallpox.

"Now, wives, it is done," said the Sultan, "and I hope that you are safe against the death. There have been a number of Glories—now Glories about the Palace of late, and though of course you've never been near them—"

"Oh, dear, no," cried out the entire one hundred and forty-seven Sultanesses.

"Still Glories are full of evil, and therefore I judged it best to inoculate you. I hope you'll all have good arms, dears," he added, as he left, shuddering hugely.

Then throughout the harem during the next few weeks were to be seen Sultanesses with swollen faces seeking for sympathy, and the Sultan shuddered more than ever.

And a little after that it was told by the police that three young Englishmen were suffering from mumps also an American missionary likewise a number of other European gentlemen, and as these had been no symptom of

Chicago "Pox."

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The Elias Rogers Co., Limited

"La Reine le Veult."

There is nothing mean about Her Majesty. When asked for the pen she had a hurried consultation with some of her old servants, with the result that the table on which Her Majesty wrote the assent to the Commonwealth Bill in duplicate, a copy of the Bill, the chair, the inkstand, and the blotting pad have gone back with Mr. Barton in trust for the first Federal Parliament of Australia. Long may it wave!

The Famine of India.

The news of rain in India is indeed cheering and gives us hope for better times for those poor natives who have so bravely and patiently met the terrible suffering which accompanies famine for nearly a year. There are still over 6,000,000 persons on the relief lists, and help must be given for some time yet, so if there are any who have not yet contributed to this work of love for one of the most terrible of calamities, perhaps they would like to do so now. Their help will be most welcome, especially for the Leper famine fund, if any like to mark it for that purpose. The condition of these poor creatures is pitiable in the extreme. The words speak for themselves without further comment. Help for the Lepers suffering from famine!

In response to my appeals I gratefully acknowledge the following contributions:

In His Name \$2.00
Mr. W. W. Saunders 15.00
Art Metropole, per Mr. Beswetheric 25.00
Dr. Peters 10.00
Post Office 1.00
Mr. S. G. Gower, per Rev. R. J. Dunville 5.00
Anon, for Lepers 1.00
In His Name, from two of His servants, for Leper Fund 5.00
L. J. 1.00
Proceeds of bazaar held at his Parliament street 6.00
Miss Violet Gordon Mackenzie 2.00
Master John Gordon Mackenzie 1.00
Mrs. W. W. Blackford, his Friend, for Lepers 7.00
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Mr. H. H. Toronto, for Leper Fund 1.00
Mr. G. A. Rix, Wycliffe College 2.00
Miss Agnes M. Boyd, Toronto 1.00
Mr. G. A. Sway, Toronto 10.00
Mrs. S. W. W. "In His Name" 2.00

Please address any further contributions to Miss Caroline Mackenzie, Sylvan Towers, Rosedale, Toronto, through whom they will be forwarded to the missionaries in India at work among the famine suffering natives.

Thousand Islands.

It would seem almost superfluous to describe the beauties of the River St. Lawrence and its many attractions in a limited space. Suffice it to say that the Thousand Islands present to the traveler, for a distance of forty miles, everything conceivable in the way of an island, from a bare rock a yard across to an island covering many acres, and while viewed from the deck of the steamer winding its way among them, make an impression on one's memory never to be forgotten. The Thousand Islands are beaten by the Grand Trunk Railway system from all points east and west to Gananoque, which is situated

in the very heart of this magnificent archipelago. Other exciting and interesting scenes on the River St. Lawrence are the several rapids farther down the river.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births
Montgomery—Aug. 1, Mrs. A. E. Montgomery, a son.
Patterson—Aug. 2, Mrs. R. W. Patterson, a daughter.
Sheppard—Aug. 3, Mrs. C. H. Sheppard, a daughter.
Cleelman—July 29, Mrs. George D. Cleelman, two sons, one stillborn.
Cockburn—Aug. 3, Mrs. W. A. Cockburn, a daughter.
Lamb—Aug. 4, Mrs. J. E. Lamb, a son.
Woods—July 26, Mrs. Arthur D. Woods, a son.
Brown—July 21, Mrs. Vere Brown, a son.
O'Reilly—July 21, Mrs. John O'Reilly, a son.
Sheppard—Aug. 1, Miss Herbert Sheppard, a son.

Marriages.